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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

What to Observe; or, the Traveller's Remembrancer. By J. R. Jackson, Secretary to the Royal Geographical Society, &c. &c. Pp. 577. London, 1841. Madden.

THIS volume may be declared to be a library in itself. It contains so much information in the shape of instruction to travellers "*what to observe*," that it makes travelling for the sake of acquiring knowledge almost superfluous. We may learn what we wish so fully from its pages, that our reading-room may answer most of the purposes of a fatiguing journey over distant lands. It is, indeed, an excellent work, systematic, comprehensive, intelligent, and so full of useful matter that it seems as if nothing had been forgotten. Yet how modestly the author speaks of it:—

"We are (he says) fully sensible that our labour is yet very imperfect, and, under this impression, would not have presumed to bring it before the public did we not feel confident that, imperfect as it may be, it will still be useful; indeed, when we consider the total absence of any thing like solid information given to us by the legion of those who quit their native country to roam for a while over the various parts of the globe, we cannot but think that some good must result from pointing out how their peregrinations may be turned to better account than they have hitherto been."

The good is invaluable; and our only fear is, that with so much sterling advice as to what they ought to note, the effect will be, that our future tourists will become terribly prolix, and thus add another bore to the afflictions hitherto laid upon us by their empty-headed performances. The plan is capital. The traveller is led to observe the distinguishing features of the country through which he passes; its geography, divisions, aspects, configuration, mountains, plains, rivers, canals, lakes, marshes, and all their attributes. Meteorology, terrestrial magnetism, geology, productions, mines, soils, zoology, botany, inhabitants, morals, manners, religion, language, cities, statistics, agriculture, manufactures, commerce, government, finances, sciences, literature, arts, and, in short, every thing that merits attention, or is interesting to mankind, is pointed out, and the best way of becoming acquainted with it is clearly, concisely, and reasonably laid down. Tables are appended, which need only to be filled up; and a little industry and common-sense inquiry will do all the rest.

Every head would furnish us with an illustration of Colonel Jackson's great merits; but as we cannot go into such an extent of specification, we must be content to select one as an example of the rest; and being more particularly in our way, we make choice of what he says on the subject of literature:—

"In every civilised country, whatever may be its institutions, there exists a constant relation between the laws, the morals, the customs, the arts and sciences, and literature. The principles which regulate one of these objects affect all the others, so that it is impossible to arrest the progress of, or effect any

changes in, the one without affecting all the rest. When the institutions of a country facilitate the natural progress of things, and exercise such influence only as is necessary for the prevention or depression of prejudicial excesses and exaggerations, they all advance together towards perfection: wherever, on the other hand, the free development of man's various faculties is impeded by a thousand absurd regulations, every thing stagnates or retrogrades; and those governments that unwisely seek their safety by means so opposed to their own best interests, ever recognise, sooner or later, the fatal error of their system. A discontented people, paralysed efforts, uncultivated fields, ruined manufactures, innumerable bankruptcies, a stagnant or decreasing population, an impoverished treasury, extensive emigration, hurtful, because not occasioned by an excess of population,—such are among the minor evils of those perfidious counsels which would persuade princes, that they can reign in safety only so long as their subjects are brutalised. Let us, then, render thanks to God whenever a holier inspiration actuates a sovereign's mind. The time is happily no more when Royalty dispensed with duties. A higher ambition now fires the rulers of states, who feel, that if to reign be glorious, that glory is great only when it is free men they govern. Those sentiments of humanity and generosity so noble in themselves, and of such beneficial influence, which assure the happiness of a people, and confirm the paternal authority of sovereigns, are the work of civilisation, the fruit of long and sad experience;—but to our subject. The literature of a people, we have said, keeps pace with their laws, their manners, &c. By a natural connexion, these objects all exercise a reciprocal influence; so that it is sufficient to observe the actual state of any one of them, to enable us to judge with tolerable certainty of the rest. Although the literature of a country be as various as the subjects upon which it is possible to write, the greater number of works will, however, be on those subjects which bear the closest relation to the character and institutions of the people. Thus, when the press is free and the government constitutional, there will be a great proportion of political works and tracts, shewing the active part which the nation takes in public affairs. Deliberate and forensic eloquence is in honour wherever the discussion of state affairs and judicial proceedings are public. In such case, the general mind is naturally directed towards every thing relating to civil and political right. A crowd of public writers send forth from their retreats their essays on governments, legislation, &c. Each with more or less talent, profits by the liberty of the press, to discuss the advantages or inconveniences of public measures, according as his private interest is benefited or compromised. We shall not stop to consider the beneficial effects or general propriety of the right of this free publication of opinions; whenever it is established, it must, if not abused, be followed by the happiest effects, since it cannot exist but in conformity with the other established institutions of the country. Be it remembered,

however, that as liberty degenerates into licentiousness, that powerful engine, the liberty of the press, when misapplied, becomes a dangerous instrument of destruction, instead of a means of protection. The liberty of speaking and writing cannot, of course, exist under despotic governments, for reasons sufficiently obvious to all. In free countries, there daily appears a multitude of polemical writings, and the same independence of spirit by which they are dictated stamps upon them a noble and manly character, which reveals their origin. Nor is the freedom of which we are speaking confined to writings of any particular kind; it gives birth to works innumerable on every subject. Many readers create many writers, and when much is written, there must of necessity be many indifferent and many utterly worthless publications. Competition, however, in literature, as in all else, excites emulation; so that among the great number of writers many will be found of superior talent, and their reputation so much the better established as they have proved themselves superior to their numerous competitors. Vanity leads thousands to over-rate their ability and aspire to literary fame, and the press groans under the accumulation of labour it has to perform. Individual liberty places the greater number above opinion in all that is purely personal, and this same freedom gives each a right to judge of the public actions of public men; hence, in free countries, there is much originality of character, and while the most absurd and extravagant opinions and doctrines are tolerated, the acts of public men are fearlessly canvassed and attacked. Every one being free to publish his reveries, the most impracticable projects, the wildest schemes, the most ridiculous systems, are found mixed up, in the literature of a free people, with the happiest conceptions and the most ingenious speculations. Whatever is bad is neglected or condemned, what is indifferent is unnoticed; the extravagant and ridiculous is laughed at, but whatever is good meets with attention and is rewarded as it deserves. Each claiming a certain respect for his own opinion, feels bound to respect the opinions of others; hence, there is a degree of urbanity in discussion, and if polemical writings sometimes display bitterness and party spirit, it is generally in those cases only where the discussion bears on matters intimately affecting the private feelings, prejudices, or interests of the parties. On other subjects there may be warmth, but it will be tempered with amenity, the reason of which is plain; the discussions are on things, not on their authors. Public opinion, as we have said, has nothing to do with any man but in his public capacity, provided always that he no way violate the laws: and just in proportion as an individual is judged with severity in his public capacity, so is the private life of the individual respected. Nowhere is libel and defamation more severely punished than in free countries, and hence personality is banished from all public discussions. Where arts and sciences flourish, it is natural to expect a number of persons will write on these subjects; in a highly civilised country there

are many who enjoy leisure, and thus poetry, novels, and other works of imagination, will abound; but independent of the fact, that literature and the belles lettres will be more or less cultivated in proportion to the degree of civilisation to which a people has arrived, it is essential to observe that they will be tinged by the prevalent manners, customs, laws, religion, climate, &c. They are influenced by all the institutions of the country, and, in turn, influence them. It is, therefore, under these aspects in particular that the traveller should consider the literature of a people; we will, however, say a word of the principal objects comprised under the general terms literature.

"Of Theological Writings.—It is to be hoped that the time is passed, never to return, and which it were to be wished could be blotted out from the annals of the world, when men shed each other's blood for a difference of religious opinion; when self-styled Christians attacked each other in writings full of gall and animosity, and disputed with acrimony and diabolical rage upon subjects as ridiculous as they were indecorous, indecent, and blasphemous. In the present day a spirit of tolerance—the distinctive feature of the age—allows each one to adore the Great Supreme in the way dictated by his conscience, leaving the Divinity sole judge in a cause which no human tribunal is competent to determine. This toleration, so truly Christian in its principle, so beneficial in its consequences, is a powerful lever in the machine of government, whose action it greatly facilitates by diminishing useless collision; and thus it is, that what is good in itself brings its own recompense. A tolerant people enjoy themselves the peace they give. Of course, the greater the toleration in countries where there are many sects, the fewer theological disputes. If from time to time some dogmatical writings appear, they will be marked rather by a mild spirit of persuasion than by one of bitterness and persecution. It is, however, to be remarked, that there are different degrees of toleration, and that although every individual may be allowed to follow unmolested the observances of the religion or sect to which he belongs, there may still exist a national religion, or religion of the state; and which the state therefore feels bound particularly to protect as part and parcel of the government. In such case the privileges enjoyed by the members of the national church will be greater or less according to circumstances. In a country where, by reason of the very limited number of dissenters from the religion of the state, they can have little or no political influence as a body, it were unnecessarily invidious to confer particular privileges on the national church. This is particularly the case in Russia, where, although no less than twenty different religions, or sects, exist, still the overwhelming proportion in numbers and influence of those of the national faith is so great, that nothing is to be feared from admitting to an almost absolute equality of rights persons of every religious creed; and thus the government has all the credit for a system of toleration, the principle of which has in reality little merit. When, on the other hand, the religion of the state, from the comparatively small number of those professing it, is likely to be endangered by the ascendancy of other religions, it has ever been customary to strengthen the influence of the national church by granting to its members certain political and civil privileges; and as, from the very terms of the proposition, there is a struggle for ascendancy, the dissenting church

will not tamely submit to an inequality of rights, and loudly complains of intolerance. In such a state of things theological disputation will be common; nay, even should equal rights be obtained, the approach to equality in numbers, wealth, and instruction, of the different religious parties, will still induce a struggle for supremacy. This is now pretty much the case in England, and we daily see fresh publications, persuasive, apologetical, or polemical, issued by the contending parties. The full consideration of this subject would be too long; what we have said, however, is far from being irrelevant to the subject of theological writings as a branch of literature. The greater or less frequency of such writings, and the particular circumstances under which they are produced, will have great influence on their style and manner, which will accordingly be persuasive or virulent, philosophical or dogmatical, &c., and will therefore greatly assist the intelligent observer in forming his conclusions on the actual social state of the country, and its tendency to change.

"Religious Publications not Polemical.—The great abundance of religious works, though it unquestionably argues a great proportion of readers of religious books, is by no means a proof that a people are eminently religious; for if practical religion were common among them, there would be no necessity for constantly reminding them of their religious duties. It, nevertheless, is an indication that profaneness is not the character of the people, and proves them, beyond a doubt, to be of serious disposition. If the religious writings are found rather to inculcate observances than a religious spirit; if they are found to attach undue importance to the least essential duties of religion, those which relate to mere forms of worship and practices ordered by the church, they may be nothing more than an indirect means of promoting the interests of one church in opposition to those of others; the praise of one form of worship being the indirect censure of every other; and, by recommending a strict adherence to forms, the various parties are kept distinct from each other, and more firmly united among themselves. This religious *esprit de corps*, which was the object of the many minute observances of the Jewish legislator, may also be discovered to be the actuating principle of many religious writers whose works do not, upon a hasty consideration, appear written with such views. If, again, the great number of religious tracts that are published are found to be intended to convey consolation for the miseries of this life, by directing attention to a future and a happier state, they will be indicative of a general discontentedness among the people. It is too well known, alas! that in prosperity men are little prone to religious reflections, but that when adversity overtakes them they fly to religion as a refuge. In a prosperous state of society there is a general satisfaction and hilarity, and, each being contented with his lot, dies from, rather than courts, whatever can remind him of his end; and works of amusement are more welcome than those which teach men how to suffer ills they do not feel. These and many other conclusions will result from a careful examination of the religious writings of a people.

"Of Sermons.—Sermons are a branch of literature in which the distinguishing disposition of a people may be traced. There is the same difference between the French and English sermons, independent of the tenets of the Catholic and the Protestant religions, that there is between the character of the two

nations. Crevier, a French writer, thus points out the difference. 'Sermons,' says he, 'are with us (the French) true oratorical discourses, and not, as with the English, metaphysical discussions, more calculated for an academy than for those popular assemblies which meet in our temples to be instructed in the duties of Christianity, to be consoled, encouraged, and edified.' French sermons display a much more florid and impassioned eloquence than English sermons. They are addressed to the feelings, and the oratorical movements allowed to the French preacher have a much greater effect than can possibly be expected from the composed, monotonous expositions of English ministers. Independent, however, of the characteristic features which distinguish pulpit eloquence, the sermons and religious discourses of different people depend much, in each country, upon the prevalent fashion of the day; for the dominion of the fickle divinity extends even so far. Thus, whatever style of sermon and preaching is adopted by a favourite preacher is sure to be followed by a host of imitators, so that, as Dr. Blair informs us, at one time a dogmatical style, at another a philosophical style, is in fashion; at one time the people will have poetical sermons, at another argumentative discourses or pathetic declamation. Now the object of a sermon being to make us happier by making us better, we do not think that dogmatical sermons fulfil this object. A moral discourse delivered with feeling, and founded on the solid basis of the Gospel, can alone produce the desired effect upon the congregation. The traveller, however, must be careful, in considering these matters, to distinguish what may be regarded as the general literary character of the sermons and religious discourses of a people, from what is merely ephemeral and due, as we have said, to fashion. Funeral orations are commonly little better than lying flatteries, sold by want or meanness to pride and folly; was ever a funeral oration delivered on the death of a poor but honest man? this questionable honour is reserved for the rich and powerful.

"Ethical Writings.—The ostensible aim of a great many works, novels, dramas, satirical pieces, &c., is to inculcate morality; and it must be confessed, there is scarcely any work from which some useful lesson may not be learned, provided the mind of the reader be properly disposed; but we mean to speak in this place of works professedly and directly treating of morals. In examining works of this kind, the predominating system of morals may be gleaned. Of these codes, however, a distinction must be made between what is merely theoretical, and what may be regarded as a faithful exposition of the practical morality of the country. The more simple the manners of a people, so much the better is morality understood and practised by them; and the more it is practised, the less need is there for the publication of precepts: so do we find that real practical morality is generally at a very low ebb, when a great number of publications are constantly coming out on the subject of morals. A few virtuous men, among the great mass of the vicious, deplore in secret the corruption by which they are surrounded; but others, gifted with greater courage, raise their voice in behalf of morality unknown or despised. Their object is to persuade; but, to persuade by writing, one's works must be read, and in order to be read they must awaken interest. Ethical writings must, therefore, be treated in the way the most conformable to the disposition of the people. We need not de-

velope this truth : every body knows that very different methods must be employed to inculcate morality to the French, from those that would succeed with the Germans or the English. Let the traveller then observe, whether the moral doctrine inculcated be austere or mild ; whether the moralists announce their opinions in a style calculated to captivate the attention, to fix it and to convince, or if, on the contrary, a dogmatical and peremptory manner distinguishes their writings. And here we cannot refrain from publicly offering the tribute of our gratitude to the philosopher Droz, every page of whose works is a consolation to the afflicted ; whose precepts make us happier by making us better ; who has himself laid down the principles which should guide a moral writer in these memorable words, — ' Il faut écrire avec sa conscience, en présence de Dieu, dans l'intérêt de l'humanité.' The moral code of this deep thinker and engaging writer is so truly Christian, and withal so conformable to the mixed character of weakness and dignity, of human nature, that it will ever find disciples so long as there shall be virtue left upon the earth : may it be widely propagated, and its benevolent spirit become the great moral principle of mankind throughout the world."

[To be continued.]

Traditions of Western Germany, the Black Forest, the Neckar, the Odenwald, the Taunus, the Rhine, and the Moselle. By Captain Charles Knox. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1841. Saunders and Otley.

In his preface Captain Knox assures us that no liberties have been taken with the German originals of these numerous legendary traditions ; but we are nevertheless much startled by allusions to matters of the present day. Whether this discrepancy arises from the fictions tone in which it has pleased the writer to couch his stories ; or that there is a modern version of genuine old tales dressed up after this fashion, we cannot say ; but sure we are that the tone and the illustrations are alike inappropriate. To tell a supernatural tale as if you did not believe in it, or as if you laughed at it, is to spoil it utterly. Credulity is its essence ; and to speak of witches, enchanters, ghosts, fairies, and bugaboes, as if you dared face them with philosophical contempt, is the most monstrous way of perverting all the effects of their existence and interference in human affairs. The humour consists in their grave treatment ; and to make them ridiculous is to make nothing of them. We must first quote a few samples of the error to which we have alluded,—state that the *Traditions* are various and some of them amusing ; whilst others exhibit the traces of strange superstitions, though not so striking as we have been accustomed to from the same prolific source,—and then conclude with a specimen of one of the best of these performances.

The following passages are excessively unlike to and uncongenial with old legendary lore :—

"It never occurred (to a couple living 2000 years ago) to club the produce of seven hundred and fifty cows—for God knows how many months—into a monster cheese, by way of a 'dainty dish to set before a king,' or queen, a sublimity of caseology that the world wonders at."

Speaking of the good old times, we are told :—

"In those days there were no useful knowledge societies to teach labouring men why nobody

knows any thing about hieroglyphics—how far it is from Bagdad to Ispahan—how many miles one may dig into the earth without much danger of burning one's fingers, and suchlike indispensable information. Temperance societies had not yet sprung from the union of fanaticism and inebriety. The just vengeance of neglected heaven had not visited a presumptuous and self-relying world, in the shape of philosophers in petticoats. Children were taught to fear God, to honour the king, and to love their neighbours as themselves ; and had it not become a maxim in the mouths of the enlightened, that Herodotus and Thucydides were to be believed, Ezra and Nehemiah not, Caesar and Livy were to be authorities, Luke and John not, as is a canon with the strong-minded people in this age of reason ; and if there were wars in those times, there are so now, though they call them by a different name, such as 'non-intervention in Spain,' 'communication in China,' 'armed peace in France,' 'military promenade in Belgium,' 'temporary occupation in Algiers ;' and we shall soon have a transatlantic synonym ; and there never was man, beast, bird, or worm, created, that was not at war with either its own species or some other."

An emperor's niece is described as "the most superior sort of personage that could be procured for love or money for a husband—a regular A 1, as they would say at Lloyd's."

The introduction to the tale of the Kitchen of Heilbron, runs incongruously and most modernly thus :—

"Enormous numbers of travellers for pleasure make every summer what they are so good as to call the Tour of the Rhine ; that is to say, they put their heads straight up stream at Rotterdam or Cologne, and then steam up the river, and down again as fast as they can go ; making, in short, precisely the same sort of tour as the Firefly or the Rocket, or whatever other light and appropriate name is given by its godfathers and godmothers to a ponderous combination of wood and iron, that hugs a weight of seventy or eighty tons after it, as if it were a wheelbarrow from the Euston Grove station to Birmingham in six hours, is put upon a turnplate, wheeled round and sent back, after having been hammered a good deal for the show of the thing, with a hundred or two passengers, and half a dozen carriages ; and arrives, if possible, safe at the station in London again, having made a tour after the fashion of the modern tourists, and seen about as much as they do."

Kitchen, herself, sends crockery to "everlasting smash ;" but we have quoted enough to shew how out of keeping the style is with the staple of ancient traditions.

Now for the specimen tale :—

"*The Image at the Yburg.*—The origin of the Yburg, not far from Baden, is lost in its antiquity ; no man knows who built that huge square tower that yet domineers over the little valley on the skirts of the Black Forest in spite of war and time ; but in the sixteenth century it was still inhabited, and was the scene of a tragedy, which, however, we shall not probably see repeated. It was the residence of the unhappy Markgraf Edward Fortunatus, son of the beautiful Cecilia of Sweden ; and that gentleman not having the fear of being burnt alive before his eyes, did wickedly and feloniously addict himself to magical arts. Two grave and subtle professors of that science, fellows of the necromantic university of Padua, namely, Paul Pestalozzi of Clavella, and Mascarello of Chio, were his companions in these

diabolical reunions, and old Nick himself completed the *partie carrée*. There were fearful goings on at the old castle ; they had the dead up by dozens to ask them questions ; they concocted murrains, mob-oratory, pestilences, social systems, hail-storms, trades-unions, tempests, all manner of mischief, until their proceedings, so horrified the fair Ida, the daughter of the castellan, that she gallantly resolved to pit the charms of youth, and beauty, and innocence, against those of the prince of the powers of the air. Nor was it without reason that she gave her blue eyes credit for being an overmatch for the black art, for she had won the heart of the young Markgraf ; they were already seven-eighths engaged to be married ; and when the lover applied for the last instalment, she stipulated that the young prince should give up all unlawful dealings whatever, as the condition of her becoming his lawful wife. The daughter of Eve vanquished the Father of Evil, as was no wonder under the circumstances. Of course the Markgraf promised any thing she chose to ask ; his demonological society should be dissolved forthwith ; his Italian devilmongers should be dismissed to their own sultry land, or a sultrier yet if she pleased ; the Yburg should be put in quarantine until the Pope himself granted *pratique* ; the largest fire-engine in Baden should be kept constantly in battery, ready to open with holy water against any number of demons that might appear, should they be inclined to try a *coup-de-main*—sure to disperse them, as the venerable commandant of the National Guard did the mob in the Rue de la Paix in 1831, with a similar discharge—he promised any thing,—every thing,—and as much more as she could think of. What was more, he really intended to perform this, and commenced dismantling his diabolical arsenals, and disbanding his diabolical auxiliaries in earnest ; several pickled monsters suffered martyrdom ; divers bottles, glasses, and jars, that had contained deleterious compounds, were, with a proper regard to economy, sent down to the kitchen ; notice of ejection was duly served upon the necromantic Paduans ; a very tolerable osuary of bones, skulls, and other interesting remains of assassins, parricides, traitors, robbers, violators, and suchlike characters, was decently interred in the garden, next to his grandmother's poodle ; a black cat, that had long borne an indifferent character in the neighbourhood, was taken up on suspicion, and executed on a pine-tree ; every thing, in short, betokened a repeal of the union with the infernal powers, when the fiend, tenacious of purpose, inexhaustible of resource, seeing the preparations that were making to kick him out of the Yburg, resolved before he went to have a parting blow, and uncommonly hard he hit. He stirred up in the mind of Edward, which certainly ought at this time to have been engrossed with white favours, orange-flowers, bride-cake, and so forth, a violent spirit of revenge against the Markgraf, Ernest Frederic of Durlach, who unquestionably was a bitter enemy both of Edward and his father ; and the unfortunate noble resolved, in a moment of unhappy irritation, before he finally wound up his accounts at the diabolical establishment, upon avenging some insults or injuries for which he considered himself indebted to his enemy. He accordingly caused a figure to be constructed of wax, a likeness, and not a very flattering one, of the Markgraf Ernest, using only wax that has already been employed in a *chapelle ardente*, and has consequently acquired some mystical power from the corpse, which enables it, as is well known, to transmit

any injuries that may be inflicted upon it to the object it represents—a sort of cereous magnetism. There were some other incantations necessary to give this charm its full effect, which, of course, were properly performed by the skillful Italians, and in a couple of days Edward saw, to his great delight, the passive image of his bitterest enemy, resting immovable before him, ready to receive whatever he might please to inflict upon it, with that exemplary patience and forbearance that characterise wax figures. None of them, however, knew that this incantation had a peculiar property; namely, that its power did not extend to life; and the gentleman in charge of it, like many a horse when urged beyond its strength, kicks, and sometimes knocks the driver's brains out. It will be seen how important this limitation was, and how necessary it is in this, as in many other cases, to know exactly how far one can go. The Markgraf Ernest was at this moment on a visit to the Count of Eberstein. He had spent the morning in an excursion to Forbach very agreeably, got his fingers stained a delicate brown by shelling fresh walnuts, had been excessively puzzled at seeing large rafts descend the Mourg over places where there did not seem water enough to float a walking-stick, and returned home with quite appetite enough to admire exceedingly a huge bird, the size of a turkey, with the flesh of a grouse, and the bill of an eagle, called a cock of the woods, a few of which are to be found in the forests between the Mourg and the Rensch. The bird had just been removed to the side-table, for the purpose of being chopped into lumps with a bill-hook, as is the practice of the Germans, when suddenly the Markgraf jumped from his chair with a hasty exclamation,—"Tansend noch mal!" said he, "there is a nail in the chair!" A minute investigation of the offending chair took place, but the presence of a nail could not be detected, as the chemists say when their analyses break down. However, to set the prince's mind at ease, another chair was brought. It seemed doubtful whether his body could be set at ease, if ease depended upon the enjoyment of a well-behaved chair, for keeping his hand pressed upon the spot where he supposed himself wounded, he looked wistfully at the chair, as if it might not be convenient to him to sit down at the moment, "Donner und Blitz, there is something pinching my shoulder.—Ei, ei! my feet are burning.—Ah, ah! the devil himself is scratching my face.—I promise and vow—six wax can—Element! there is a pin running into my cheek!—twelve wax—Sapperlot! Satan is drawing my double teeth!—twenty-four wax—candles to Saint!—Beelzebub is pinching my ear!—Ei ei! thirty-six—aeiohnt. Old Nick is pulling my hair out!—Holy mother of mercy, that was a strange sensation!" He put his hand to his heart, and sat down turning very pale. The Countess proposed sending for the Esculapius of Gernsbach, to take eight ounces of blood from him; the Count was an old soldier, and had never seen good come in his practice from the letting of blood, at least to the patients. He recommended eight ounces of kirshwasser taken internally, for the Markgraf said his heart was as cold as stone, and his recipe was successful; in ten minutes the young Ernest perfectly recovered, was taking much the same liberties with the cock of the woods, as his invisible tormentors had taken with him. He was already beginning to joke upon his abrupt departure

from his chair; and the extraordinary spasms experienced by the Markgraf Ernest of Durlach, furnished the Count of Eberstein with a stock of prolog for the next ten years. The noon-day meal at the Yburg was hurried over, for some of the party had occupations of their own, which they would not have cared to avow; and the Castell and his daughter remained alone in the knight's hall. "Ida," said the old man, "I do not like the prolonged stay of these Italians. They should have been long since on their way home." "Edward has promised me faithfully that they should go to-morrow, father, and they will take all those horrible books and instruments with them. He has sworn that he never more will deal in unlawful arts, and I am sure that he will keep his faith." "Still those three have been closeted together these two days; you saw what a hurry they were in to get away from dinner, and get back to the laboratory: even now I can hear laughter, that sounds strange and unearthly in my ears. They are surely at no good." "I will go and pray Edward to see no more of those men, father. He will not refuse me." "Go, my beloved child," said the father, fondly impressing a kiss upon the fair forehead of the gentle girl, and yet detaining her a minute to gaze with a father's pride upon the delicate features that so truly expressed her good, and kind, and loving disposition. "At last," thought he, "I have secured thee, my own Ida, a protector worthy of thee; no better or kinder-hearted man than Edward is to be found in the Black Forest; once those infernal associates are gone, and now my grey hairs may go down in peace to the grave. Ha! what was that?" The maiden had gone to seek out her betrothed, and hardly liking to ask him directly to leave his companions so abruptly, was about, with a simple will, to entreat the boon of a ramble with him in the woods; she approached the door of the laboratory, and she heard bursts of savage laughter from within. Half-frightened, she paused on the threshold, and heard Pestalozzi exclaim, "Leave off that child's play, pulling his hair like a girl. Take that arquebus, Muscarello, and finish him at once." An explosion ran through the echoing tower; the unfortunate Ida sprang convulsively upwards, and fell upon her face—dead; the ball had passed through her heart. The wandering spirit of the luckless maiden has not yet found rest; and still, when the pale moonlight bathes with its silver flood the haughty square tower,—that is all that remains of this scene of horror,—a white wan apparition of a pale maiden may be seen wandering about the ruins of the castle, which was soon afterwards abandoned, and has not since been inhabited, for no one cared to dispute possession with the melancholy spectre, to whom tradition has surrendered the Yburg."

An Attempt to Develop the Law of Storms, by Means of Facts arranged according to Place and Time, and hence to point out a Cause for the Variable Winds, with the View to Practical Use in Navigation. By Lieut.-Colonel W. Reid, Royal Engineers. 8vo. 2d edition. London, 1841. Weale.

THIS valuable work was first submitted to the public soon after the meeting of the British Association at Newcastle in 1838. In our report of the proceedings of the meeting there held, our scientific readers will doubtless remember the facts and new views brought forward by Lieut.-col. Reid had prominent place; and soon after we had opportunity to examine the work

itself, record our high opinion of its novelty and merits, and strongly to recommend it to the notice and careful study of scientific and naval men. Fully were we impressed with the importance of the "attempt," and convinced that no one who gave the smallest consideration to the subject, even in a few of its bearings, theoretical or practical, could overlook or not appreciate its value. The inquiry and labour requisite for the perfecting the knowledge of the Law or Laws of Storms is prodigious, almost discouraging; but examine Lieut.-col. Reid's work, and see what the perseverance and willing, because heartened, industry of one individual have accomplished. Hope takes the place of doubt; expectation of a speedy realisation soon follows; and the more, because the influential have taken up the recording data. The Trinity Board have ordered more careful observations to be made at the lighthouses. Lord Glenelg, when Secretary of State, forwarded instructions on the subject to all the British colonies, at one of which (Bermuda) Lieut.-col. Reid himself is now governor. The Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty have drawn the attention of the officers of the British navy to the matter, and caused a new form of log-book to be adopted, with a view of recording all meteorological phenomena at the moment they are observed. The President of the Board of Trade has directed the attention of the residents of Macao to the subject; and the East India Company have ordered an Osler's anemometer to be erected at the mouth of the Hoogley, and measures to be taken to collect information in the tracts of the storms of the Indian Seas. The inquiry as to storms must necessarily involve other and all meteorological phenomena, barometrical, thermometrical, hygrometrical, electrical, &c. &c. And when we consider the extended field of operations the foregoing orders will have caused to be cultivated, in conjunction with the observatories for magnetical and meteorological registers, which, at the instigation of the British Association, have been or are to be erected at Toronto, the Cape, St. Helena, and Van Diemen's Land, by the British Government; at Madras, Simla, Singapore, and Aden, by the East India Company; ten in European and Asiatic Russia; two by Austria, at Prague and Milan; two by the Universities of Philadelphia and Cambridge, in the United States; one by the French Government, at Algiers; one by the Prussian, at Breslau; one by the Bavarian, at Munich; one by the Spanish, at Cadiz; one by the Belgian, at Brussels; one by the Pacha of Egypt, at Cairo; and one by the Rajah of Travancore, at Trevandrum, in India—the brightest prospects of a plentiful harvest present themselves. And still further, when we reflect on these vast simultaneous observations being made, and to be concentrated and compared on the individual exertions in the same work, abroad and at home; on the talent employed in the investigations; on the improved instrumental facilities, and on the admirable methods now adopted for tabulating details and projecting comparative curves thereof, we are sanguine in thinking that not only will be gained the knowledge of the Laws of Storms, but also of meteorological laws, which will lead to a detection of the phenomena of planetary action. Indeed, already the annual reports of the British Association on this great subject exhibit traces of fixed laws.

In thus indulging in pleasing hopes of the future, however, we must not forget the work before us, to which great additions have been made. The principal new matter is contained in the ninth Chapter, and relates to the storms

of high latitudes: the storms of 1838 and the Bermuda hurricane of 1839. These and the whole work we again most cordially recommend to attentive perusal. We cannot conclude without noticing the harmony this volume evidences to exist between Mr. Redfield, of New York, and Lieut.-col. Reid: it is highly creditable to both, and should be an example to those pursuing conjointly any path of science. The jealousies, and plagiarisms of priorities and of ideas, it has fallen to our lot to observe, are as lamentable as numerous. Those, however, who feel and practise these things—are they seekers of truth? By no means; but seekers of self-advancement by any means. To their little ways we leave them, and pity them, if they cannot profit by the example quoted.

History of the Great Reformation of the Sixteenth Century in Germany, Switzerland, &c. By J. H. Merle d'Aubigné, President of the Theological School of Geneva, and Member of the Société Evangélique. Vol. III. 8vo. pp. 653. London, 1841. Walter.

We have noticed the first two volumes of this work, and await the fourth by which it is to be concluded. For the present continuation, which, like the past, is zealously Protestant, the learned President has ransacked the Royal Library of Paris, and other valuable literary and religious deposits; and produced some new lights upon the earlier history of the Reformation, and especially in France from 1500 to 1526. He has greatly enlarged upon Beza, and there are many characteristic and interesting anecdotes scattered throughout his pages. Thus, in the rebellion of Munzer, quelled in 1525:—

"One of the nobles, who had remarked in the crowd of prisoners a peasant whose appearance interested him, drew near, and said, 'Well, my boy, what government is most to your mind—the peasants or the princes?' The poor youth, sighing deeply, replied, 'Ah, my dear lord, no edge of sword inflicts such suffering as the rule of a peasant over his fellow.'"

We quote a remarkable opinion of the author on painting:—

"Painting was, of all the arts, the least affected by the Reformation. This, nevertheless, was renovated, and as it were, hallowed by that universal movement which was then communicated to all the powers of man. The great master of that age, Lucas Cranach, settled at Wittenberg, and became the painter of the Reformation. We have seen how he represented the points of contrast between Christ and Antichrist (the Pope), and was thus among the most influential instruments in that change by which the nation was transformed. As soon as he had received new convictions, he devoted his chastened pencil solely to paintings in harmony with the thoughts of a Christian, and gave to groups of children represented as blessed by the Saviour that peculiar grace with which he had previously invested legendary saints. Albert Durer was one of those who were attracted by the Word of Truth, and from that time, a new impulse was given to his genius. His master-pieces were produced subsequently to conversion. It might have been discerned, from the style in which he thenceforward depicted the Evangelists and Apostles, that the Bible had been restored to the people, and that the painter derived thence a depth, power, life, and dignity, which he never would have found within himself. It must, however, be admitted, that of all the arts, painting is that one whose influence upon religion is most open to well-

founded and strong objection. We see it continually connected with grievous immorality or pernicious error; and those who have studied history, or visited Italy, will look for nothing in this art of benefit to mankind."

The details of persecutions and martyrdoms are sad proofs how little the spirit of Christianity has to do with religious differences. When we see men destroying each other for pins' points of faith, or mere forms or observances, it is almost enough to put us out of conceit with all professions. We murmur and excoigate with ourselves, if, instead of preaching eternal rewards and punishments in a future state for varieties in opinions on texts, doctrines, interpretations, and ceremonies, it were instilled into the minds of men that their proportions of happiness or misery hereafter would be measured out to them as they had contributed to the happiness or misery of their fellow-creatures in this world, it would induce a very excellent Belief, and tend wonderfully to increase the well-being of mankind, and much improve the prospect of future felicity.

Descriptive Particulars of English Coronation Medals, from the Inauguration of King Edward the Sixth to our present Sovereign, the Queen Victoria, &c. &c. 12mo. pp. 112. By William Till, Medallist, M.N.S. London, 1838. Longman and Co.

WE observe the date of 1838 upon the title-page of this little volume, and wonder if it have escaped our observation so long. Sweeping up the dust, and looking up the arrears of the year, it now stares us in the face; and having recently bestowed a notice on Hearn's excellent edition of Rading's Coins, we can do no less than offer our compliments to Mr. Till's Medals.

Coronation medals commenced with Edward VI. A.D. 1547; and previous to that date very few medals of any kind were struck. There is one of his father, Henry VIII. two years earlier; and both are of nearly the same workmanship. Mr. Till goes on to describe all subsequent medals in a concise manner, as thus:—

"Lady Jane Grey held her sway only nine days after the proclamation of her accession to the throne; there was, consequently, no coronation: but in all probability that event would have been commemorated by a medal, from the promptitude of the attempt to coin money in her name. A piece, conjectured to be a pattern for a base shilling, has on the obverse a rose surrounded by lions and fleurs-de-lis. The legend, 'Si Deus nobiscum quis contra nos?' If God be with us, who can be against us? On the reverse, three crowns; the legend—'Justitia Virtutem Regina—Justice the Queen of Virtues.' This rare pattern was first brought to light in 1815, and became the property of Mr. Miles; at whose sale, in 1820, the late Mr. Young purchased it for three pounds. Mary the First had no coronation medal, but there are others commemorative of several important events in her reign; one in particular, by James Trezzo, was doubtless very consonant to the views and feelings of this disappointed and unhappy princess. On the obverse we have her bust, the head very like her, by no means handsome, smiling, as Pinkerton observes, 'in all the charms of ugliness.' She is represented, attired to the neck, in the highly ornamented dress of her time; on her head is a coif, or hood; and the legend records her name and title. On the reverse, she is seen,

Fury-like, seated on a rock, with a torch in her left hand setting fire to what is intended to represent the arms of those leagued against her. The heavens, made her confederates on the occasion, are issuing forth their lightning in wrath against the heretics, her Protestant subjects. In her right hand she bears two branches, one of palm, the other of laurel; on her head is placed a celestial coronet, and at her feet are manacles or fetters. The inscription, 'Cecis vivis, timidis quies—Sight to the Blind, rest to the Fearful.' There are extant of this medal, specimens in bronze and silver; a very fine one, struck in gold, of the time of Mary, of extreme rarity, is in the possession of Lieut.-Col. John Drummond. It has reference to the commotions excited by the Duke of Suffolk, Sir Thomas Wyatt, and others, early in 1554."

Again:—

"Charles the First ordered two medals to be engraved by Briot; firstly, on his coronation in England, and secondly, in Scotland: on the former is seen the bust of the king in his coronation robe, decorated with the collar of the Garter, his neck encircled with a ruff, and on his head the diadem; the face towards his left, surrounded by name and title. On the reverse, an arm, with gauntlet and sword, issuing from a cloud; the legend, 'Donec pax reddita terris—Till peace be restored to the earth.' Charles being at this time at war with Spain. This medal, of very fine work, is extremely low in relief, which in no way detracts from the merit of its execution. In the exergue, 'Coron. Feb. 2, 1626.' The Scottish coronation medal represents the bust of the king, splendidly habited, with lace collar; indeed, if the exquisite portraits of this sovereign painted by Vandyke are authorities, this likeness of Charles must be very correct, as Briot has here evidently taken them as his originals. The bust is adorned with the order of the Thistle, as well as of the Garter, the former taking precedence; the head surmounted by a crown different in form from the one on the English medal; the whole encircled with name, &c., as King of Scotland and England; in this instance unlike the legend on the other, where he is styled King of Great Britain. On the reverse is a thistle, the inscription 'Hinc nostræ crevere Rose—Hence our Roses have grown'; a complimentary allusion to the derivation of our sovereign, or the English rose, from the thistle of Scotland. Some few of these medals were struck in gold found in that country. In the exergue, 'Coron. Junii 18, 1633, B.' The coronation ceremony was performed in Edinburgh."

Of William and Mary, among others, we are informed:—

"A splendid silver medallion in Mr. Haggard's collection, executed in Holland on the occasion of the coronation of their majesties, has their busts on the obverse, each encircled within a separate wreath, formed of branches of rose and orange trees, the latter laden with fruit, as the former is bedecked with roses; surmounted with the crown and four sceptres, above which is an eye, symbolical of Divine Providence. The busts rest on two cornucopias and the book of the seven seals, near which is the cap of liberty; under these is another book, bearing this inscription, 'Leges

* Numismatists make a distinction between a legend and an inscription: the former being the words which surround the subject; the latter, some additional notes on the field of the coin. This is at least a general rule with respect to Roman medals; in reference, however, to those now under description, I beg to state that I use indifferently, and for the sake of variety, both as synonymous."

Anglia.—The laws of England; and in the field of the medal is the following, 'Sal. Reg. Fel. Pub.—The Safety of the Government, Public Felicity; the legend, 'Aurea Poma mixto Rosis'—Golden Apples mixed with Roses; an elegant allusion to the union of the House of Orange with the Rose of England. On the reverse is an old oak, torn up by its roots, lying prostrate beside a vigorous young orange-tree, with shipping in the distance, and with this saucy legend, 'Meliorem lapsa Locavit—His place is filled by a better.' In the exergue, 'Inauguratione Majestatum peracta Londini 3 April, 1689.' More ingenuity than delicacy is displayed in the composition of this satirical reverse."

In miscellaneous matters connected with his subject, Mr. Till indulges in not a few episodes: he speaks out without much continence or reserve. Thus:—

"*The Roettiers*.—Foreigners, Hollanders or Dutchmen, whom Charles the Second picked up in his travels while in exile, and on his return home he ousted a native and superior artist to make room for them. I need not mention the name of Thomas Simon; the fact is notorious, and will ever remain a stigma on the character of that debauched and profligate monarch, who lived a sensualist and died a hypocrite. * * * There are many varieties of the Stewart medals struck abroad, after James had left England, which are highly interesting as historical monuments of that unhappily imbecile family."

Such violent expressions and opinions are out of place in a work of science; nevertheless, Mr. Till's medallic information will be found very serviceable and worthy of attention.

CAMPBELL'S LIFE OF PETRARCH.

[Second notice: conclusion.]

In 1331, or 1333 (for the learned differ), he thus writes of Paris to his friend Cardinal Colonna:—

"I have visited Paris, the capital of the whole kingdom of France. I entered it in the same state of mind that was felt by Apuleius when he visited Hypata, a city of Thessaly, celebrated for its magic, of which such wonderful things were related, looking again and again at every object, in solicitous suspense, to know whether all that he had heard of the far-famed place was true or false. Here I pass a great deal of time in observation, and, as the day is too short for my curiosity, I add the night. At last, it seems to me that, by long exploring, I have enabled myself to distinguish between the true and the false in what is related about Paris. But, as the subject would be too tedious for this occasion, I shall defer entering fully into particulars till I can do so *viâ voce*. My impatience, however, impels me to sketch for you briefly a general idea of this so celebrated city, and of the character of its inhabitants. Paris, though always inferior to its fame, and much indebted to the lies of its own people, is undoubtedly a great city. To be sure, I never saw a dirtier place, except Avignon. At the same time, its population contains the most learned of men, and it is like a great basket in which are collected the rarest fruits of every country. From the time that its university was founded, as they say, by Alcuin, the teacher of Charlemagne, there has not been, to my knowledge, a single Parisian of any fame. The great luminaries of the university were all strangers; and, if the love of my country does not deceive me, they were chiefly Italians, such as Pietro Lombardo, Tomaso d'Aquino, Bonaventura, and

many others. The character of the Parisians is very singular. There was a time when, from the ferocity of their manners, the French were reckoned barbarians. At present the case is wholly changed. A gay disposition, love of society, ease, and playfulness in conversation, now characterise them. They seek every opportunity of distinguishing themselves; and make war against all cares with joking, laughing, singing, eating, and drinking. Prone, however, as they are to pleasure, they are not heroic in adversity. The French love their country and their countrymen; they censure with rigour the faults of other nations, but spread a proportionally thick veil over their own defects. Still, amidst the noise and infinite variety of objects which this magic capital offers at every instant to the view, my thoughts turn towards Rome and you. What joy would it not give me to be with the Bishop of Lombez, seated together on the Tarpeian Rock! Farewell!"

And Mr. C. goes on to remark:—

"Whilst Petrarch was at Paris, he must have looked with interest at its university, which was at that time the most important school of Europe, and the most numerously attended. So vast a number of young men different in dress and language studied here that the place seemed more like a city than a university. The best teachers that could be found in a semi-barbarous age came hither, secure of honours and rewards; and students, attracted by the fame of those professors, came from England, from Germany, and all the north, as well as from Italy and Spain. The grand object to which all the young learners aspired, was to obtain a doctorship in theology; but, before attending theological lectures, they were obliged to acquire grammar, rhetoric, logic, and moral philosophy. This concourse of youth was, however, unfavourable to their manners and discipline. It is true that some of the more favoured scholars of the university served as pages to the professors, in whose houses were to be seen the sons of some of the best families in Europe spreading the professor's tablecloth, and handing food and drink to his guests. Over these pages their teachers could easily hold beneficent domestic authority; and the conversation at the tables at which they served might have been instructive to them. But the number of such pages must have been small compared with the great mass of the students who lived independently in lodgings, and it appears that most of them led dissolute lives. They were prone to intoxication and fond of cudgelling. The embryo doctors of divinity entered into controversy with whomever they met, and settled their disputes with sticks, and not with syllogisms. Towards the end of the twelfth century, they had broken so many heads of Parisian citizens, that Philip Augustus, in 1190, ordered the university to be surrounded by a deep moat, a high wall, and a hundred well-guarded gates, to confine the disciples of theology. It seems, however, that neither walls, gates, nor ditches, were sufficient to protect the public against them. The students committed nuisances, and even crimes; the civil power interfered to punish them, but the professors shamefully took their part. In 1304, the provost of Paris caused a student convicted of outrageously criminal offences to be hanged. The clergy took up the cause; the professors complained of their privileges being violated, and they exhorted all the persons to join them in attacking the house of the provost with showers of stones. In their assault, those disciples of the benevolent Saviour

cried out to the provost, 'Get thee gone, accursed Satan! Confess thy rascality; honour thy mother church, the liberty of which thou hast injured; otherwise thy fate shall be like that of Dathan and Abiram, whom the earth swallowed up alive.' All the schools were shut up; and this public-spirited magistrate was obliged to make a humble apology to the university, and perform a pilgrimage to Rome for absolution. The discipline of the university, I fear, was not much better at the time when Petrarch paid it a visit; but he was received with honour, and saw the ceremony of students who had obtained the doctoral degree being saluted by the title of divine masters in divinity."

These two extracts remind us of two illustrations of French gasconade, and of university discipline elsewhere than in Paris, which we may as well introduce here to diversify our criticism and amuse our readers:—

"Brantome, in his '*Vies des Hommes Illustres*,' reports the following trait of French gasconade, in a letter from Louis IX. to M. de Bressievre. 'I have been apprised from Normandy and other places that the English army has been rendered incapable of any enterprise for some time to come; and perceiving, therefore, that you have nothing to do in that quarter, I shall avail myself of the present moment to hunt and destroy the wild boar, until the season arrives, when I shall be more profitably occupied in '*hunting and destroying the English*.'"

Æneas Sylvius, in the first book of '*Panormitane de Gestis Alphonsi Regis*,' writes that when one Leonardus, a noble gentleman, came to visit a certain kinsman of his that was then student at Leipsig, inquiring among students how he did, and how he had profited in learning; he was told by one of the young man's companions, that he carried himself very well, '*Quia inter mille et quingentos hic uian bibendi palmam obtinet*.—Among fifteen hundred he hath the name of the best drinker!"

But to return to Petrarch; his intimacy with Cola di Rienzo is a memorable epoch in his life; and if ever he had joined that extraordinary individual, it is not clear to us but we might to this day have had a succession of Roman tribunes or emperors, a civil government instead of a papal one, and Avignon, perhaps, had continued to be the seat of the pope.

Petrarch never appears to have had much intercourse with Englishmen:—

"In 1336 (says Campbell) he approached the British shores; why were they not fated to have the honour of receiving him? Ah! but who was there, then, in England that was capable of receiving him? Chaucer was but a child. We had the names of some learned men, but our language had no literature; and, in Petrarch's eyes, the English were barbarians, who had lately been beaten by the 'vile Scotch,' as he called my countrymen. Time works wonders in a few centuries; and England, now proud of her Shakspeare and her Verulam, looks not with envy on the glory of any earthly nation."

But Chaucer visited Italy as an ambassador during the lifetime of Petrarch: what a meeting ought theirs to have been, though Chaucer might be able to tell him as little about Thule, as our countryman, Richard de Bury, the envoy of Edward the Third!

We pass over many family matters respecting the brother, and the son and daughter of Petrarch, and must come to the last scene of his own brilliant life. The last letter he ever

wrote is supposed to be one to Boccaccio, and our author says:—

"Petrarch died a very short time after dispatching this letter. His biographers and contemporary authors are not agreed as to the day of his demise, but the probability seems to be that it was the 13th of June. Many writers of his life tell us that he expired in the arms of Lombardo da Serico, whom Philip Villani and Gianozzo Manetti make their authority for an absurd tradition connected with his death. They pretend that when he breathed his last, several persons saw a white cloud, like the smoke of incense, rise to the roof of his chamber, where it stopped for some time and then vanished; a miracle, they add, clearly proving that his soul was acceptable to God, and ascended to heaven. Giovanni Manzini gives a different account. He says that Petrarch's people found him in his library, sitting with his head reclining on a book. Having often seen him in this attitude, they were not alarmed at first; but, soon finding that he exhibited no signs of life, they gave way to their sorrow. This took place on the 19th of July; he is believed to have died in the night of the 18th, and, according to Domenico Aretino, who was much attached to Petrarch, and was at that time at Padua, so that he may be regarded as good authority, his death was occasioned by apoplexy."

He survived Laura six and twenty years; and of his character Mr. Campbell speaks thus:—

"Petrarch will stand this ordeal, perhaps, as well as any man of genius, and better than the most of them. His character, taken all in all, was lovable, and exempt from low and disgusting foibles. There was no craft in his disposition, no malignity that was mean or bitter. It is true, he was angry with the abuses of the church and the scandalous lives of ecclesiastics; and De Sade and other Catholic writers accuse him of carrying his indignation beyond the bounds of justice; but I think it needs no Protestant prejudices to make us believe from Catholic history itself that the court of Avignon was corrupt, and that her cardinals were, for the most part, profligate. His anger, therefore, admits of excuse. He was attached to the most powerful men in the leading commonwealths of Italy, and they were mutually attached to him. He thereby increased his influence in society, and his power of being useful to others. For this he has been charged with sycophancy; and the historian of the Italian republics even says that he was 'always a Troubadour.' If by that designation is meant a vagrant parasite of the rich and powerful, seeking for lucre and love-adventures in every change of place, I differ entirely from Sismondi's moral estimate of our poet. Petrarch was not permanent in his habitation. But his heart was not migratory, either in its love or friendship. In the former affection he was but too constant for his own happiness. In the latter, it must be recollected that his friendships lay not exclusively among the rich and the powerful; on the contrary, his Socrates, his Lælius, his Simonides, and his Boccaccio, were men as poor as himself. Burns's words will apply to him that, 'well he knew the social glow and softer flame.' He duly felt the value of friendship as a heaven-sent manna in the wilderness of life; and he was never even partially alienated from friends, unless, as in the case of the Colonna, at the more sacred call of public principle. He knew that ancient, broken attachments are a more melancholy spectacle than desolated palaces. They exhibit the heart

once lighted up with joy all damp and deserted, and haunted by thoughts that, like birds of ill omen, nestle only in ruins. In judging of a human character, we must take a broad and collective view of its physiognomy, and not decide by minute differences from its general expression. The truly great portrait-painter studies, first of all, the predominant physiological expression of the face he paints, and does not depend for collective effect on that microscopic elaboration of minute traits, which always leads to exaggeration. Petrarch's moral physiognomy, in the main, was generous and independent. It is unfair, by dwelling on partial exceptions, to convert them into general characteristics. He was not a sycophant to kings and emperors. He spoke out his mind distinctly to them; and they put up with freedoms from him which they would not have endured from one another. Nevertheless, as he owns to us himself, he agreed too easily to live at the court of John Visconti, the would-be tyrant of Italy. John Visconti was a great man, not certainly equal to Napoleon in genius, but still the greatest of his times. Judging by myself, who am no idolater of Buonaparte, I would ask who among us would have grudged a long day's journey during his life to have seen him? nay, who, on a pressing invitation, would not have stopped some days to share his conversation? Yet we are all pretty well agreed that Napoleon had the fault of caring little for human life when it interfered with his ambition. John Visconti had his virtues as well as the mighty Corsican. He was the Buonaparte of the fourteenth century, and fascinated Petrarch. I have said that our poet's personal character had a general and redeeming virtue of benevolence. It is too much an error of biographers who wish to be perfectly candid in their estimate of a man to draw up, as it were, a balance-sheet of his good qualities and defects, placing them like so many pounds sterling in a debtor and creditor account, as if the same qualities in every one man had a positive and equal value with the same qualities in every other man, without relation to the rest of their character. But, in point of fact, the faults and virtues of humanity are not the same in different individuals, but become different according to their mixture and combination. The compassion of a fool may be as essentially compassion as that of a wise man; but it is not the same virtue when compounded with folly, as when it meets and mixes with wisdom. There is a moral chemistry in the combining materials of our spiritual nature which is not to be judged of mechanically, according to the disunited qualities of those materials. The *tertium quid* produced by mixture varies according to its adverse ingredients. An idiot may be brave, but the intelligent alone can be heroic. In like manner, the self-complacency of a kind-hearted man, how unlike it is in the result of his total character to the vanity of a malignant egotist! Self-complacency, I conceive, may be set down without uncharitableness, as the chief foible of Petrarch. I cannot concede to his unqualified admirers either that he was free from this defect, or, with all his greatness and gentleness, that the defect became him. I may be asked to quote distinct proofs of this foible from his writings, and such proofs are certainly to be found; but they lie scattered over many passages, and impress us rather collectively, from the full perusal of his life, than from single instances. If I were merely to quote, therefore, a few of those egotistical passages, I might be lenient towards Petrarch, but should not do justice to my own opinion, which has

been formed by consecutive impressions from his writings, minute in themselves, but numerous and strong from their constant recurrence. It is a mistake to suppose that self-complacency can sit with grace on any man, let him be great or small: there is a dignity in the self-forgetfulness of genius far beyond any charm in its most vivid consciousness. But Petrarch's self-complacency was unmixed with gall or envy; and, when blended with the kindly elements of his nature, it lost all the offensiveness that it would have had in a waspish character."

Of his writings Mr. C. says:—

"I have certainly felt, in the perusal of Petrarch's amatory sonnets, sensations exceedingly different in the degree of respect for him which they inspire. When I found him describing himself haunted, not metaphorically, but optically and corporeally, by the image of his absent mistress, and comparing the sacredness of her birthplace to the Bethlehem where our Saviour was born, I have not been able to banish a momentary suspicion that this was madness, which, if it had not run upon love, would have taken some other subject. The passages, however, which excited this conception, are not numerous, and the entranced features of his muse seldom lose their loveliness in these sybilline contortions. Laura ever and anon presents herself, a minute picture, to the mind's eye—her very veil and mantle, her features, her smile, her step—and we are in love with Laura. I must say, however, that we are rather smitten by her outward beauty than rapt into interest with her mind. Dante contrives, one scarcely can tell by what insensible traits, to make us the fond friends of his Beatrice, as well as to admire her; but what do we know of the secrets of Laura's heart? Her being too pure to be seduced might arise, as I suspect it did, from coldness towards Petrarch, and poetry coming to the aid of her discretion; but what struggles of sensibility she had to encounter, or whether she had any sensibility at all, is very much left to our conjecture. Again, there is a sameness in the fluctuations of his amatory feelings, which is scarcely more amusing than if they had no fluctuations at all. His heart is a love-thermometer of hope and despair, which rises and falls between their extreme points, though generally inclining to the melancholy zero. A spice of jealousy for a suspected rival, or a tone of anger, methinks, would sometimes relieve this monotony, like a discord in harmony, that makes music seem more natural. There are times when all lovers are naturally enemies. I demur to calling him the first of modern poets who refined and dignified the language of love. Dante had certainly set him the example. It is true that, compared with his brothers of classical antiquity in love-poetry, he appears like an Abel of purity offering innocent incense at the side of so many Cains making their carnal sacrifices. Tibullus alone anticipates his tenderness. At the same time, while Petrarch is purer than those classical lovers, he is never so natural as they sometimes are when their passages are least objectionable, and the sun-bursts of his real, manly, and natural human love seem to me often to come to us struggling through the clouds of Platonism. I will not expatiate on the *concelti* that may be objected to in many of his sonnets, for they are so often in such close connexion with exquisitely fine thoughts, that, in tearing away the weed, we might be in danger of snapping the flower. I feel little inclined, besides, to dwell on Petrarch's faults with that feline dilation of vision which sees in

the dark what would escape other eyes in daylight; for, if I could make out the strongest critical case against him, I should still have to answer this question, 'How comes it that Petrarch's poetry, in spite of all these faults, has been the favourite of the world for nearly five hundred years?' We know, to be sure, that false belief, with all the perverted feelings which it entails, may reign among mankind for thousands of years. False religions have had that permanence. It is, moreover, too true that there is not only a conscientious religion in our taste for poetry—a pure, devoted love of truth, but sometimes also, and more than sometimes, in vulgar minds, an hereditary bigotry and a spiteful contentment in mistake, so that false poetical reputations may last a long time. But still false literary taste has no strong basis for its continuance. It has no established church, and no state payments or persecutions to support it. It leaves the enlightened votary of taste without the alternative of being crowned with a mitre for his faith, or having his disbelieving tongue bored for blasphemy with a red-hot iron. There is, therefore, every probability of poetical taste being sincere in proportion to its duration, and of being true in proportion to its sincerity. So strong a regard for Petrarch is rooted in the mind of Italy, that his renown has grown up like an oak which has reached maturity amidst the storms of ages, and fears not decay from revolving centuries. One of the high charms of his poetical language is its pure and melting beauty,—a charm untranslatable to any more northern tongue. Even in German, a still harsher language than English, the ear often luxuriates in the *singbarkeit*, or singableness, if we might coin such an English word, which the poet's art can elicit, and he wonders that the collocation of syllables can produce a mosaic of sounds so sweet to the ear. But the vocal Ausonian speech carries this spell of melody still higher. It is true that no conformation of words will charm the ear unless they bring silent thoughts of corresponding sweetness to the mind; nor could the most sonorous, rapid verses be changed into poetry if they were set to the music of the spheres. It is scarcely necessary, however, to say that Petrarch has intellectual graces of thought and spiritual felicities of diction, without which his tactics in the mere march of words would be a worthless skill."

Shall we venture to add another opinion?—Petrarch was not original, but wonderfully skilful in composition. Tenderness, ingenuity, and pathos, were his in thought; sweetness, purity, and elegance, in style. There is an effeminacy about him and his poetry; and, with all his love, it is a dream or reverie rather than an ardent and substantial passion.

After the preceding quotation, we fear we cannot do more than state that Mrs. Wollstonehouse has succeeded as far as could be presumed in her *Hundred Sonnets*, and mention that Campbell himself gives specimens of them in his Appendix with high compliments. The Appendix favours us also with a good paper on the coinage of Petrarch's age,—a droll enough conjunction; for what have poets to do with coins!

In his own style Mr. Campbell is often free and facetious, as may be gathered from several of our extracts; for instance, from the last; but we add two or three other examples:—

One of Pope John's "projects, quite unconnected with political ambition, was to establish, entirely by his own papal authority, a new theory respecting the period after death at which the souls of the just obtain a sight of

their Maker. His opinion was that we shall not see God, face to face, according to the apostle's expression, till after the day of judgment and the resurrection of the body. In the interval between death and the day of judgment we shall remain, Pope John alleged, under the protection of the human nature of Jesus Christ. One can see nothing in this doctrine that either evades the moral spirit of Christianity, or point blank contradicts the Scriptures; for, though the malefactor on the cross was promised by Christ that he should be that night in Paradise, an exception might be made in his case to the general rule; and, to the pious man, the unconscious interval of a million years would not abate the joy of his hope in a resurrection. How far the inferred doctrine, that those who are to see the devil face to face will have so long a respite, might be too consolatory to impenitent sinners, is a different question, the prospect of prompt punishment being a cogent argument.* Yet, upon the whole, a great deal may be said in defence of this opinion, and I suspect that Petrarch leaned to it."

Again:—

"Shortly after his exaltation, Benedict received ambassadors from Rome, earnestly imploring him to bring back the sacred seat to their city; and Petrarch thought he could not serve the embassy better than by publishing a poem in Latin verse, exhibiting Rome in the character of a desolate matron imploring her husband to return to her. He makes Rome, I think rather injudiciously, confess herself to be a tottering old lady, with dishevelled hair and faded beauty, for runaway husbands are hard to be won back by aged wives."

And lastly:—

"Petrarch alludes in one of his letters to an excursion which he made in 1338, in company with a man whose rank was above his wisdom. He does not name him, but it seems clearly to have been Humbert II., dauphin of the Viennois. The Cardinal Colonna forced our poet into this pilgrimage to Baume, famous for its adjacent cavern, where, according to the tradition of the country, Mary Magdalen passed thirty years of repentance. How old and ugly she must have been when the term of her penitence was finished!"

The titles of two chapters (pages 213 and 231) each announce the birth of a daughter to Petrarch; but this is a mere error of the press; for he had only one that we know of, and, like most daughters, she was an affectionate and good one, and a comfort to her father in his closing years.

The Scaman's Rest. Written on the Occasion of Her Majesty's recent Visit to Greenwich Hospital. By Charles B. Warin. 12mo. pp. 14. London, 1840. Nichols.

This unassuming little poem is dedicated to Prince Albert, and in grateful language, which does honour to both poet and patron.

It contains many beautiful stanzas describing

* "I remember, when I was a young student of divinity at the University of Glasgow, that an old man, by his own confession, and by general reputation, a great sinner, called upon me, and begged me to explain the Scripture doctrine as to future punishments. His anxiety was to ascertain whether they were to commence immediately after death, or only after the day of judgment. I told him that I was but a raw student of theology, but I conceived it to be the general opinion of divines that no punishments would commence till after the day of judgment, or the general destruction of the world. 'And how long will it be,' he asked, 'till that period comes?'—'Why, I cannot positively tell you,' said I; 'but I believe astronomers conjecture that our globe will be safe for a million years.' 'Oh, come then,' said the old sinner, 'I shall have a million years to rest in my grave, and there is no saying what may happen in that time.'"

tive of the river Thames, Greenwich Hospital, the old pensioners, glancing at the battles they have fought and the renowned admirals under whom they won their laurels, and when they came home crowned with victory,—

"Oh! with what joy did their hearts expand—
With what pride did their bosoms glow—
When they hail'd the port of their native land,
With the glorious prize in tow!

The bells were ringing, and joyous crowds
From the beach loud welcome bore;
And hats were waved from the teeming shrouds,
To kerchiefs that waved on shore."

The following stanza, alluding to the thoughts that are supposed to pass through the mind of some old "veteran of the ocean," who has brought his battered hulk to harbour in the princely hospital, is very beautiful:—

"Perchance, on the pillow of sickness, here,
In the soothing hour of sleep,
Soft visions, of days that are gone, appear
Renew'd on the mighty deep!"

So are the annexed lines, descriptive of morning on the ocean:—

"Hale morn, with its burst of unbroken gold,
Through the wave transparent glows;
The waters, high-crested with flame, are roll'd,
By the magic of sweet repose.

And with snowy sails to the sun unfur'd
The ship, like a giant swan,
Seems borne, amid scenes of a lovelier world,
In silence and glory on!"

With the following extract we must conclude, wishing the author all success in his little production, and hoping to meet with him again in such a form that we need not be afraid of quoting from his pages, lest we should take the whole work:—

"Can they who have witness'd forget the hour
When parted a gallant fleet
From England's shores, in its pride and power,
The foes of our land to meet?

Such feelings as wake on a festive day,
Might a scene so stirring impart,
Had the errand that arms the proud array
No darker side for the heart.

The eye on its bravery dwells elate,
But the thoughts are busy afar,
With dangers, that lurk in the womb of Fate,
For the bold, the generous tar.

What bosoms are heaving—what eyes are wet—
To gaze on the gallant train!
What hearts, what hands, what lips, have met,
That never may meet again!

Still glows that ardour that needed a curb,
When, nearing the foe and the brine,
The pride of old England bore down superb,
And dash'd through his blazing line!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Secret Foe. An Historical Novel. By Miss Ellen Pickering, author of "Nan Darrell," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1841. T. and W. Boone.

We are at a loss to find an extract from Miss Pickering's *Secret Foe* without trenching upon the tale more than is our wont. We have read to the end, which includes a postscript,—as though distrustful of usual excellence,—half exclamatory, half propitiatory, the concluding lines whereof, written on the 1st of January, 1841, are these:—"A happy new year to all my friends, and I know not that I have any foes; and may they not grow weary of reading as I have grown weary of writing." Their perusal has produced in us a feeling of pity, and has given the tone to our comments. We, who must be classed amongst those to whom the wish is addressed, who have been foremost in our commendations of several of Miss Pickering's works, have seen with regret the rapid succession in which they have been presented to the public. Truly she must "grow weary of writing." And we feel sure that, with all her talent (and she possesses not a little), she must, if she continues to publish so frequently, outwrite herself. The volumes be-

fore us bear all the evidences of having been hastily constructed: the events are few; the characters lack originality; and the denouement is too long in relation. Hitherto the authoress has been distinguished for the reverse of these; and we make our remarks in kindness to a writer who has obtained, and whom we wish to see maintain, a good position among the best novelists of the day.

A History of British Birds, Indigenous and Migratory. By William Macgillivray, A.M. Vol. III. London, 1840. Scott, Webster, and Geary.

AMONGST the pile of books constantly coming and going from our table, this number, although by no means a small one, has for some time escaped our observation. We have, however, already spoken of the able manner in which Mr. Macgillivray's work has been compiled, and the mass of interesting information it affords of the characters and habits of our native feathered tribes. This, the third volume, contains the description of fifty-six species, to which the author has given the ordinal names of creepers, climbers, cuckoos, plunderers, snatchers, gliders, and darters. The Supplement contains the species omitted in the former volume, and a species, the Ferroe raven, now first considered distinct, and, as such, added to the British Fauna. The numerous illustrations are admirably executed.

A Genealogical and Heraldic Dictionary of the Peerage and Baronetage of the British Empire. By John Burke, Esq. 8vo. London, 1841. Colburn.

"SEVENTH edition;"—pleasing words, and especially on a work of this kind, of which every new edition is necessarily an improvement. Mr. Burke's indefatigable industry is well bestowed in perfecting his "Peerage and Baronetage;" and we are glad to see that the public demand keeps pace with his deserts. A very pretty heraldic title-page is an appropriate distinction to this volume.

Life and Times of the Right Hon. Henry Grattan. By his Son, H. Grattan, Esq. M.P. Third Volume. 8vo. pp. 519. London, 1841. Colburn.

IN the memoirs of Henry Grattan we have an epitome of the painful and hateful subject of Irish politics. "God sends meat, but the devil sends cooks," says the pithy old adage; and well might we paraphrase it, God made Ireland, and men have transformed it. The richest bounties of nature are lavished on the land, its population are quick, active, and intelligent; and yet there is, and from the earliest records of history seems ever to have been, a curse upon all its blessings. Want, instead of plenty, strife instead of contentment, war instead of peace, insecurity instead of safety, crime instead of morality,—what Heaven has kindly given man has foully marred, and that which might be an earthly paradise has been turned to a hell, stained with turbulence, rebellion, murder. We have no heart to go into the particulars, nor have we ever met with an authority to tell us what was the cause of all this perversion and misery.

The Prince-Duke and the Page; an Historical Novel. Edited by Lady Lytton Bulwer. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1841. Boone. The stirring scenes and striking events which marked the career of Wallenstein are here made the matter of an historical novel, in which the rulers, warriors, and statesmen of that era, figure with considerable animation and spirit. The name of Lady Bulwer is affixed as the editor, agreeably to the custom

which has lately sprung up; as if no author could take care of his own offspring! What the foster-father or mother's duties are, we know not; but can speak of the general merits of the work in terms of approbation.

The Naturalist's Library, conducted by Sir William Jardine, Bart. Mammalia. Vol. XII. Horses. By Lieut.-Col. H. Smith, &c. Edinburgh: Lizars. London: Highley. Dublin: Curry.

WITH a life and portrait of Gesner, and liberally illustrated with plates, of which there are not fewer than thirty-five, this volume is quite worthy of the series to which it belongs. No animal subject possesses greater interest than the history of the horse; and it is here treated with great ability.

Standard Novels. Marriage: The Inheritance. LXXXIII. and LXXXIV. London, 1841. Bentley.

THESE two volumes have so highly established a reputation, that we need only remark they are truly standard novels, and are appropriately illustrated by Mr. Cawse.

The Little Wife and Baronet's Daughters. By Mrs. Grey, author of "The Young Prima Donna," and "The Duke." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1841. Saunders and Otley.

MRS. GREY is an industrious penwoman in a class of novel-writing which dwells upon the common incidents of life in the middle and upper circles. *The Little Wife*, &c. is on a par with "The Prima Donna" and the preceding publications by the same hand.

Lord Western's Letter to Lord John Russell on his proposed Alteration in the Corn Laws. Pp. 43. London, 1841. Ridgway; Smith, Elder, and Co.

IN this pamphlet Lord Western states his reasons for withdrawing his support from ministers, and, taking a comprehensive view of the corn question as it must affect England and the Continent, contends that the adoption of the government measure would be injurious to the former in almost every national interest. He attributes the distresses which have occurred in the manufacturing districts to the mismanagement of our currency, and from statistical tables and reports shews that the sufferings of the poor are not to be traced to, or connected with, the corn-laws.

Is England's Safety or Admiralty Interest to be Considered? A Statement of Facts. By F. P. Walesby, Esq. M.A. J.P. &c. 1841.

AN account and strenuous exposition of the destructive projectile invented by Mr. Warner, with the notice of which in the House of Commons the newspaper reports have made the public well acquainted. Mr. Walesby complains bitterly of the neglect and contumely with which Mr. Warner has been officially treated, and where the object seems to have been of such vast importance it certainly is extraordinary; but it is the fate of all offered improvements. So occupied are individuals with routine, and so hedged in are boards and commissions, and so prejudiced are all against what they do not know and will not learn, that the greatest efforts of human genius are utterly disregarded, and the noblest projects for the benefit of mankind left to languish and sink in the possession of some anxious individual who has wasted fortune and life in the endeavour to obtain for them encouragement and support. Gas was laughed at; steam power was a jest; railroads a ridicule—what are they now? They have com-

pletely altered the face of the world and the habits of mankind. With patience, after he has been dead a hundred years, Mr. Warner may be equally successful. By the by, Mr. Walesby says his invention was first brought forward in "The Times," powerful as that oracle is, it was first mentioned in the *Literary Gazette*.

Memoranda of France, Italy, and Germany; with Remarks on Climates, Medical Practice, Mineral Waters, &c. By Edwin Lee, Esq. M.R.C.S. 12mo. pp. 342. London, 1841. Saunders and Otley.

OUR author has gone over a great deal of ground, of which he has furnished little more than a concise itinerary or road-book. The chief feature of his volume is the medical advice it contains respecting a number of spas and residences on the Continent; which invalids, who seek health in such resorts, may do well to consult.

Sixteen Years in Chili and Peru, from 1822 to 1839. By the Retired Governor of Juan Fernandez. 8vo. pp. 563. London, 1841. Fishers.

IF the author, Thomas Sutcliffe, had had less cause, in common with but too many of our countrymen, to complain of the cruel injustice done to them by South American governments, after they had performed the services which gave them the power to be ungrateful and oppressive, his volume would have possessed more of general interest. As it is, it is a remarkable exposition of the affairs of a state which must eventually become an important one; and in the course of the narrative exhibits numerous traits of fierce warfare, revolution, adventure, customs, habits, and social life.

Progressive Geography, by W. Steven, D.D. (Edinburgh, Johnston; London, Smith; Dublin, Curry).—An early introduction to geography, of a very easy and useful kind.

Scott's Prose Works.—Mr. Cadell is proceeding excellently with his cheap edition of Scott's prose works. We have this month Part II. of "Tales of a Grandfather" (History of Scotland); "Biographies of Eminent Persons," Parts III. and IV. of Vol. I.; and, "The Antiquary," Part III., which concludes that excellent novel.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

COLONEL SYKES in the chair.—An interesting paper, entitled "Statistics of Newspapers in Various Countries," by Mr. Simmonds, was read. The history of newspapers is intimately interwoven with the historical annals of every country, and exemplifies the progress of literature and science; and the old newspapers still in preservation throw much light upon the state of society and the philosophy of the times in which they were published. But the newspaper press,—the benefactor of mankind,—the chronicler of civilisation,—the recorder of passing events,—and whose eyes, like those of Argus, penetrate at the same time into the remotest quarters of the globe,—has not yet found its historian. France, America, England, and Germany, are the countries in which newspapers flourish in the greatest number. Our limits will not permit us to enter into any minute particulars, but we shall pass in review the press of different countries, and state (in part), where attainable, the progress that has been made by each in this branch of literature during the last half century. As in most other questions of importance, the claimants for the honour of the first printed newspaper have been numerous: France, Germany, Italy, and England, have severally contested the priority. Until within a very late period Eng-

land had established, on what was believed to be conclusive and satisfactory evidence, her title to the disputed honour. "The 'English Mercurie,' published by authority for the prevention of false Reports, imprinted at London by Her Highness' printer, in 1583," of which three or four numbers are preserved in the British Museum, was supposed to be a genuine publication. The claim, however, has recently, upon evidence which cannot be gainsaid, been found to be untenable; and the merit of priority in the publication of printed newspapers, like the authorship of the "Letters of Junius," will probably ever remain undecided—a fruitful field for debate and disputation. In 1792 there were in London thirteen daily and twenty semi-weekly and weekly papers. In 1795 there were fourteen daily; ten three times a-week, and so on gradually increasing. In 1824 the number of copies of newspapers published weekly was about 500,000, or 26,000,000 in the year. In 1836, when the stamp-duty was fourpence, the total number of stamps issued for the United Kingdom was 35,576,056. In 1839, the total number of one-penny stamps issued was 58,516,862. The consumption of stamps had therefore increased sixty-four per cent, or nearly two-thirds, since the reduction of the duty. The oldest existing London papers are the "English Chronicle; or, Whitehall Evening Post," commenced in 1747; the "St. James's Chronicle," 1761; and the "Morning Chronicle," 1769. The oldest existing English provincial papers are the "Lincoln Mercury," published at Stamford, 1695; the "Ipswich Journal," 1737; "Bath Journal," 1742; "Birmingham Gazette," 1741; "Chester Courant," 1733; "Derby Mercury," 1742; "Gloucester Journal," 1720; "Kentish Gazette," 1703; "Reading Mercury," 1722; "Newcastle Courant," 1711; "Northampton Mercury," 1720; "Worcester Journal," 1709; "York Courant," 1700. The oldest paper in Ireland appears to be "The Belfast News-Letter," 1737; then come in right of seniority "The News-Letter and Freeman's Journal," 1765; "The Limerick Chronicle," 1744; "Waterford Chronicle," 1766; "Dublin Evening Post," 1774. In Scotland, "The Caledonian Mercury," Edinburgh, professes to be the oldest existing paper, dating from 1660, but this is not quite correct. The paper at present published under that name is not the original "Mercurius Caledonius," and was only commenced in 1720, so that it has many seniors—for instance, "The Edinburgh Evening Courant," 1705; out of Edinburgh the oldest papers are "The Aberdeen Journal," 1748; "Glasgow Courier," 1791; and "Kelso Mail," 1796. Newspapers first made their appearance in France about 1605, under Henri IV.; the "Mercure de France" was then published. In 1838 the daily average number of newspapers published in Paris and the departments, was 132,086; in 1821 it was only 76,240. No other country has so many newspapers and periodical journals as the United States of America. Indeed, the Americans have more newspapers than the whole 190 millions of inhabitants of Europe. The weekly issue of the British press of Lower Canada is equal to 29,000; those of the French press, &c. only 8000. Newfoundland supports nine newspapers. In Bermuda there are two weekly papers, and since Colonel Reid has been the governor of the island, they have published many interesting reports and matters connected with "The Theory of Storms." The Bahamas support two newspapers, issued twice a-

week. In New Brunswick there are ten weekly papers. In Prince Edward's Island there are two; Nova Scotia, about a dozen; Honduras, two; and so on. In 1833 there were about 305 journals published throughout the extent of the German States. In the Belgian kingdom there are seventy-five journals; in Prussia, 168; in Switzerland, about twenty-four; in Russia, about 150, together with periodical publications; in Poland, about fifteen; Norway and Sweden, in 1832, there were about fifty newspapers, one *Literary Gazette*, and several magazines. But we find that our space prevents our going farther; suffice it to say, that where a liberal form of government exists there newspapers flourish.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

JUNE 7th.—Mr. Marshall exhibited part of a honey-comb entirely destroyed by the larvæ of *Achroia alcearica*, and noticed the peculiarity of the cocoon, although formed of white silk, being encased in a layer of black excrement, for which it was difficult to account; he also noticed the excessive vibratile action of the antennæ of the moth.—Mr. S. Stevens exhibited a small collection of Indian insects, including three species of *Pausida*, one of which was new; likewise living specimens of several rare English insects—*Leptura scutellata*, *Calosoma inquisitor*, *Elatér ephippium*, &c.: he also brought a number of living specimens of *Trichius nobilis* for distribution among the members.—Mr. Hope exhibited a number of splendid exotic Coleoptera, obtained by him during his late visit to Paris; likewise a fossil, presumed by its discoverer to be the wing of a butterfly, but which appeared to be part of a fossil fern, of the genus *Holopteris*.—Mr. White exhibited some curious cocoons from Honduras, which he believed to be either those of a Coleopterous or Cimbicidæous insect; one end was furnished with a trap-door of beautiful construction. He also exhibited a drawing of a fine butterfly in the collection of the British Museum, to which, if new, he intended to apply the specific name of *Papilio Isaura*.—The completion of a monograph "On the *Panorpidæ*," by the Secretary, was read.—The President announced that the future meetings of the Society would be held in other and more commodious apartments, in Old Bond Street.

TOPOGRAPHY: ANTIQUITIES.

A GOOD many of our recent numbers have done homage to publications of considerable interest to topographical and antiquarian pursuits; and which shew that they are cultivated and appreciated by many intelligent men. But we have still an arrear of such productions on our table, to which, we fear, either postponement or brevity of notice can do but scant justice. The latter, as the lesser evil, we adopt.

1. *Graphic Illustrations, with Historical and Descriptive Accounts of Taddington, Gloucestershire, the Seat of Lord Sudeley.* By John Britton, F.S.A. 4to. London, 1841. Longman and Co.; Boone; Bohn. Tewksbury: Bennett. Evesham: May. Cheltenham: Williams and Davies.

This work is tastefully and beautifully illustrated. Mr. Britton, in a dedication to Lord Sudeley, speaks feelingly of the claims of literature, and, in two prefatory chapters, casts a rapid coup d'œil over the latest efforts of architecture and landscape-gardening throughout the country. He then goes into details respecting Taddington, built under the direction of its

noble owner, and also gives us his genealogy, and other family particulars befitting a publication of this kind. Lord Sudeley has shewn so much ability in the construction of his seat, that his being upon the committee to select the best design for the Houses of Parliament was a circumstance of good omen for a right decision. They are now rising in proud splendour to do honour to the choice.

We entirely agree with his lordship and the author that the Gothic style—not its absurd imitations—is by far the most congenial to English climate and scenery, and the most picturesque and pleasing to the eye, and the most convenient, various, and elegant, for internal accommodations.

2. *The History and Antiquities of the Seignior of Holderness, &c.; including the Abbeys of Meaux and Swine, with the Priors of Nunkeeling and Burstall, &c.* By G. Poulson, Esq. Part I. 4to. pp. 212. 1841. Hull: Brown. London: Pickering.

Compiled, as the title-page informs us, from authentic charters, records, and the unpublished MSS. of the Rev. W. Dade, and with numerous embellishments, this is the beginning of a topographical work apparently prepared with great assiduity and attention, and likely to do credit to all the parties concerned in its publication.

Holderness is supposed to have been the districts anciently inhabited by the Parisi; but whether the Parisi were a separate tribe or a section of the Brigantes is undetermined. Mr. Poulson inquires learnedly into the Celtic and other etymologies traceable in the names of place prior to, during, and after the Roman times. In this he displays talent and ingenuity, but, of necessity, leaves many points doubtful among conflicting opinions and authorities. The Anglo-Saxon era is next discussed, and the "Domesday Book" quoted for its memorable information. All the Saxon proprietors were swept away, and their possessions transferred to Norman adventurers, who held in *capite* of the crown. Thence the lords of the Seigniorie are described, with their marriages, forfeitures, grants, &c. &c., to the present time, when it is vested in Sir Thomas Aston Clifford, Constable, Baronet.

The particulars relating to the deanery of Holderness; drainage; population returns for the Wapentake, and other local circumstances, are all industriously and minutely stated; and the whole excellently illustrated by maps, engravings of churches and public buildings, old residences, brasses, and, in short, every thing of interest in the district. Indeed, so much do we think of the pains and expense bestowed upon this volume, that we regret more than usually its limited pretensions, which can only hope to reach the purses of the neighbouring gentry and very decided antiquaries for remuneration.

3. *The History of Banbury.* Parts I. and II. 8vo. pp. 128. By Alfred Beesley. Tour Round Reading, &c. By W. Fletcher. No. I. Pp. 32.

A First Series of Chronicles of Canterbury. By E. Gunnis. No. I. Pp. 32.; and Parts VII. and VIII. of Britton and Bragley's *Topographical History of Surrey*.—

Are all publications in periodical succession which deserve review; but we prefer retaining the youngest till we see more of them as they grow up; and with regard to the last (so perplexing is the multitude of similar quarterly, bimensal, monthly, and weekly, irruptions into our study), we cannot recall the certainty of having seen all its members.

PARIS LETTER.

June 22, 1841.

Academy of Sciences. Sitting of June 7.—

Some very interesting experiments on the melting of rock crystal (quartz), and on the subsequent crystallisation, and even casting of it, were detailed by M. Gaudin. This able chemist, by the use of his oxy-hydrogen blow-pipe, had succeeded in melting crystals of aluminium and silex, such as the white sapphire and the ruby. After vain attempts with compounds of silex and aluminum precipitated with their colouring matter, he had employed a mixture of ammoniacal alum, or potassic alum, with three or four hundredth parts of chromate of potassium. These two salts ground together with a little water, formed under the action of increasing heat a transparent liquid, which was afterwards condensed into a friable porous paste. He had hollowed out this paste into the form of a crucible, with which he had capped his blow-pipe, and then blowing upwards, had found the interior of this crucible become studded with a multitude of exceedingly small rubies, of beautiful colour and the finest water. Finding his blow-pipe too small, he had made another one of a block of platina, and, by means of this, had succeeded in melting and in spinning out rock crystal as easily as glass. He found that silex in a state of fusion is one of the most ductile substances in nature, and that the faculty of spinning glass depended on the quantity of silex it contained. It did not crystallise on cooling, but was very volatile: this had hindered him from obtaining globules of more than three millimetres in diameter. He had, however, spun out threads of silex so thin and fine, that they admitted of being tied in a knot, and had an iridescent appearance; they were so light, too, that the wind easily carried them away, and a quantity of them could be rolled up in the fingers, looking like cotton. Threads of pure quartz were always cylindrical and transparent; those from sandstones and millstones were opaque, and had a nacreous appearance. Beryl and emerald did not yield threads so well as other silicious stones; but from the opaque colour of the threads of emerald, he inferred that a mixture of emerald and sandstone would melt down into artificial pearls of great hardness. Aluminum he found to be deprived of all viscosity, and hence it was impossible to spin threads from the ruby, or from Syrian garnet, topaz, fluorure of calcium (fluor spar), or the sandstone of Fontainebleau (Paris paving-stone). He had made from melted quartz some admirable microscopic lenses, and pivots for mariners' compasses; he had also drawn out sticks of quartz applicable to tools for burnishers and watch-makers.

Sitting of June 14th.—M. Regnault, in the name of a commission composed of Messrs. Dumas, Boussingault, Thénard, and himself, read a report to the Academy 'On Marsh's Apparatus for the Discovery of Arsenic in Animal Substances;' a subject which, from the occurrences lately remarked on criminal trials of too painful celebrity, it became important to have definitively cleared up. The report was favourable to the accuracy of the apparatus in question. Memoirs upon different methods of proceeding with this apparatus, and other manners of detecting the presence of arsenic, had been sent in to the Academy at various periods, by Messrs. Orfila, Flandin, Danger, Koepelin, and other eminent chemists; all of which had to be examined and experimented on by the commissioners. They had instituted a completely distinct set of ex-

periments for themselves with Marsh's apparatus, and had operated on dogs, to whom arsenic had been administered in very minute quantities. Thus they had dissolved one milligramme of arsenious acid—an exceedingly small quantity—in 500,000 times its weight of water, and had further dissolved the matter so as ultimately to obtain a portion of liquid containing only one-millionth part of its weight in arsenic. This solution, and others successively stronger, were subjected to Marsh's apparatus, in order to ascertain the degree to which the susceptibility of the apparatus in detecting the mineral substance could be carried. The weakest of these solutions, that containing the one-millionth part of arsenic, gave arsenical stains by means of the apparatus; and thus its extreme sensibility was fully proved. In cases of poisoning, it was very rare that only so small a quantity as one gramme of arsenic should be used, and yet the apparatus would detect the presence of only the one-thousandth part of this quantity. The experiments of M. Orfila on the absorption of arsenic by all the organs of the body, when the poison was administered, had been found exact; and hence it was certain that the remains of a human body, even though in a state of decomposition, might be fairly subjected to the action of the apparatus, for purposes of legal evidence. As to the ideas which had been circulated of the substances used to react on arsenic containing arsenic themselves, they were proved to be erroneous; and it was perfectly easy to obtain nitric acid, sulphuric acid, zinc, &c., free from all admixture whatever of arsenic. Several chemists had been of opinion that antimony and other substances might produce stains by means of Marsh's apparatus, which might be mistaken for arsenical stains; but there were definite methods of testing such stains, and of removing all doubt. Certain suggestions for the improvement and for the more cautious manipulation of the apparatus were named in the report. The commissioners had come to a conclusion of the greatest importance, and had found that M. Orfila, with other chemists, was mistaken in supposing that arsenic existed in what has been called a normal state in the human body. There was no such thing naturally in the human frame, no arsenic in the bones, nor in the muscular integuments. M. Orfila had frankly acknowledged himself to have been deceived on this point by his own experiments, and thus the subject was set at rest. The experiments of Messrs. Flandin and Danger were spoken of in terms of high commendation, and the report ended by the detailing of numerous precautions to be observed in using Marsh's apparatus, in order to avoid all chance of error.

—This report was followed by one from Messrs. Becquerel, Breschet, and Magendie, 'On an Attempt by Baron Dupotet to Cure Deafness by Animal Magnetism.' It stated that the experiments were not conclusive; that, in certain cases, alleged by Baron Dupotet as his proofs, deafness was not complete; and that 'the method of operating was not only without any foundations, but did not merit the attention of the Academy.' This is probably one of the most severe and ignominious sentences ever delivered by this supreme tribunal of science.—Whilst treating of scientific affairs, we may mention a most ingenious application of chemistry to the fine arts, which is invaluable for all persons who draw in crayons, or with the stump. Hitherto the principal objection to crayon drawings has been the difficulty of preventing them from being damaged by rubbing, no varnish being applicable to the surface of

such drawings without injuring the colours. The Marquis de Varennes, a distinguished amateur of the fine arts, has hit on the happy idea of applying varnish to the back of such drawings, and has found the experiment to succeed perfectly. The varnish, after saturating the paper, is sucked up by the particles of colour, in virtue of their capillary attraction, and the alcohol of the varnish, evaporating speedily, leaves the resinous particles firmly adhering to the colours, and giving them such tenacity that the drawing may be rolled, and even rubbed, without injury. The proportions of such varnish should be one part of ordinary gum-lac to twelve parts of spirits of wine, rendered colourless by the application of animal charcoal; or else one part of the white tincture of gum-lac to two parts of rectified spirits of wine.

Sitting of June 21.—Messrs. Andelavre and Lisa, owners of the iron-works at Treveray, and Messrs. Thomas and Laurens, civil engineers, presented specimens of iron obtained by means of a new puddling furnace, heated entirely by the gas proceeding from the combustion of wood. They found that such a furnace would melt 6000 lbs. of iron per diem, and also that all the heat which was commonly lost in the ordinary smelting furnaces, would serve to refine and transform into good iron bars all the rough iron that should issue from them. M. Dumas, who had been charged by the Academy to report on this process, and on the iron so obtained, spoke highly in its favour.—The Count Anatole Demidoff communicated some more meteorological observations from Russia. These were from Nijné Taguisk, and Vicimo Outskinsk, during February last; the minimum at the former place was 26° 5 below zero of Réaumur, or more than 27° of Fahrenheit; the maximum was 4° below zero R., or 23 above zero F. At the second place the minimum was 29° below zero R., or 33° 2 of F.; and the maximum was 2 below zero R., or a little above 31° F.—M. Delavaux wrote to the Academy to state that on the 12th instant, between one and two in the afternoon, the sky being without a cloud, an explosion was heard at Château Renard in the Loiret, louder than several pieces of artillery firing together. He suspected that this must have proceeded from an aerolith, and, going to a spot where the noise had been loudest, found there the marks of where an aerolith had struck the earth, as well as several fragments of such a body lying about. Most of these fragments were very small; but one weighed 30 lbs., and another 6 lbs.—M. Fizeau mentioned an improvement on daguerreotypic processes, by exposing a plate, iodurated according to the usual way, for a few instants to the vapour of a very weak solution of bromium in water. The colour of the sensitive surface was but little changed by the bromium, but its sensitiveness was so much increased that the time for exposure in the camera obscura was reduced to the third of a minute. Some beautiful impressions thus obtained were exhibited. M. Gaudin also exhibited some impressions obtained in two seconds. Several peculiarities in the nature of the "hydre" were noticed by M. Laurent. He had been able to colour them artificially, and to make them grow together.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.
UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, June 14th.—The Bishop of London and the Bishop of Winchester, Trinity College, Cambridge, were admitted *ad eundem*.

June 17th.—J. Meredith, Esq. Gentleman-Commoner of St. Alban Hall, was admitted to the Honorary Degree of Master of Arts; and the Rev. J. A. Jeremie, M.A. Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, was admitted *audientem*.

The following degrees were also conferred:—
Doctor in Divinity.—Rev. R. G. Curtois, formerly Fellow of C. C. College, Grand Compounder.

Bachelors in Divinity.—Rev. W. Sewell, Rev. J. Ley, Fellows of Exeter College; Rev. R. Wood, Fellow of St. John's College; Rev. J. W. Warter, Christ Church.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. R. Farquharson, Rev. J. H. S. Burr, Christ Church, Grand Compounders; N. Stainton, Rev. G. F. Deedes, Wadham College; Rev. C. J. Champness, St. Alban Hall; Rev. J. Slatter, J. R. Crawford, S. Andrew, Lincoln College; W. P. Hollyn, Queen's College; Rev. W. W. Dickinson, Rev. J. Byron, Brasenose College; Rev. M. Steele, Jesus College; Rev. J. M. Sumner, Rev. C. W. Holbeck, J. Round, Rev. H. Pearson, Balliol College; J. H. Dart, W. Fooks, Exeter College; W. Burnett, Rev. T. R. Agnew, Fellows of New College; Rev. W. Bruce, F. J. Rooke, Oriel College; E. Oldfield, Fellow, G. O. Hughes, Worcester College; Rev. H. E. Pratt, University College.

Bachelors of Arts.—T. H. Farrer, Balliol College; R. Marsh, Wadham College, Grand Compounders; E. D. Bacon, St. Mary Hall; J. Holland, Fellow of New College; R. Raikes, B. Way, Exeter College; W. Poole, Oriel College; A. Baynes, H. Govett, Worcester College; R. H. W. Miles, Christ Church.

At the Oxford Commemoration, the Professor of Poetry, Mr. Keble of Oriel, delivered the *Oration Gratulationis*, 'On the Founders and Benefactors of the University,' after which the prize essays and poems were delivered by their respective authors, viz. :—

English Essay.—'The Pleasures and Advantages of Literary Pursuits, compared with those which arise from the Excitement of Political Life.' By G. Marshall, Student of Christ Church, and Craven Scholar.
Latin Verse.—'Vix per Angliam ferro strata.' By F. Fanshawe, Scholar of Balliol College.

Latin Essay.—'De Etruscorum cultu, legibus, et moribus eorumque apud Romanos vestigiis.' By B. Jowett, Fellow of Balliol College.

English Verse.—'The Sandwich Islands.' By S. Lucas, Commoner of Queen's College.

Each of these was loudly applauded by the company, and especially by the undergraduates, and fellow-students of the successful authors.

CAMBRIDGE, June 15th.—By royal mandate the following degree was conferred:—

Doctor in Divinity.—C. H. Terrot, Trinity College, Bishop of Edinburgh.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

JUNE 19. Professor Wilson in the chair.—The Secretary read an interesting botanical 'Description of the *Lodoicea Sechellarum*,' by M. Bernard, President of the Committee of Natural History of the Sechelles Islands. This production, which has been long known under the appellation of the double-sea cocoa-nut, grows only on two small islands of the Sechelles group, lying nearly under the equator. Many centuries before the place of its growth was known, portions of this nut have been frequently carried by the oceanic currents to the Maldiv Islands and the Malabar coast; and the most absurd fables were current respecting its origin and virtues. It was generally supposed to grow at the bottom of the sea; and the votaries of Vishnu devoutly believed that when that deity was churning the ocean, he broke off several of the branches from the tree, that they might float upon the surface, and be a specific for all the ills that afflict mankind. The *Lodoicea* attains a height of eighty or ninety feet, and is surmounted by a beautiful crown of winged and palmated leaves. The diameter of the stem varies from twelve to fifteen inches, and the whole is so flexible, that the tops of those trees which stand in each others' vicinity strike against and chafe each other in a strong breeze, making an extraordinary noise. The leaves open like a fan; they are of large size, often attaining to a length of twenty feet, with a breadth of ten or twelve, and, in some cases, to thirty feet in length, including the petiole, which is of sufficient strength to support the weight of a man. The fruit is generally double, sometimes triple, and even quadruple; and, with its enclosing drupe, attains a length of fifteen inches, with a circumference of three feet, and some-

times weighs from forty to fifty pounds. [A full-grown specimen, placed on the Society's table during the reading of the paper, measured twenty inches in length.] The immature fruit, called by the colonists "coco tendre," is easily cut with a knife; and it then affords a sweet and melting aliment of an agreeable taste. When the fruit is ripe it drops on the ground, and is no longer fit for food. In a few months, if not buried in the earth nor exposed to the rays of the sun, the fallen nut begins to germinate, and a new plant is formed. A remarkable circumstance connected with this tree is the length of time necessary to mature its fruit, and the long duration of its bloom. It bears only one spadix in each year, and yet has often above ten in bloom at once: it has flowers and fruits of all ages at one time. The tree grows on all kinds of soil, from the sandy shore to the arid mountain-top; but the finest are found in deep gorges, on damp platforms, covered with vegetable matter. In such situations the great height and slender diameter of the stem, and the length of its enormous leaves, produce a fine effect; though, near the seashore, its leaves torn by the storms, and hanging in long strips, give it a desolate appearance. It is to be regretted that the tree is not cultivated; and that a practice has prevailed of cutting it down in order to get at the fruit and tender leaves. The writer of the notice, in fact, expresses his fears that the species will be, ere long, entirely lost. The uses of the *Lodoicea* are numerous. When young, its fruit is a refreshing article of food; when ripe, it furnishes oil. Its germ when developed is a sweet dish. The hard shell is formed into excellent vessels for drawing and carrying water; and the whole nut is used in India as a medicine. The wood is used for building, and is split open to form good water channels, and excellent palisades for fencing. Its leaves are used for thatching; and when platted they are made into hats, bonnets, baskets, fans, and a number of tasteful works for which the ladies of the Sechelles are celebrated.—The meetings were adjourned till November.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

ON Thursday, Lord Bexley in the chair.—Members elected, and other routine business done.—Mr. Cattermole, the Secretary, read the report of last meeting, and referred particularly to twenty inedited Greek inscriptions, which Colonel Leake had recommended to the notice of the Society, to complete a number of interesting memorials of the same description which had been edited in Germany.—Mr. Hamilton read a letter from M. Raoul-Rochette, of the French Institute, in which that gentleman accepted the invitation of the Royal Society of Literature, and promised to communicate some interesting information to it respecting remains on the Island of Santorin. This is the first fruit of the applications made by the Council to learned men throughout Europe, to favour the Society with their correspondence on matters which occupy their attention, and of discoveries, &c., connected with literature in the various nations, and among the various established bodies where such researches are prosecuted. From this source it may be expected that very important communications may be brought within the cognisance of the Royal Society of Literature, and, through it, of the British public. Mr. Hamilton also read a letter from M. Letronne, relating to two new inscriptions discovered on the obelisk of Philæ, in the pos-

session of Mr. Banks. They contain a decree of Ptolemy and Cleopatra in favour of a petition of the priests of that temple.—Adjourned till next session.

VIBRATION OF SOUND.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—In the last Number of your *Literary Gazette* you give an interesting report of a paper read at a meeting of the Royal Asiatic Society, by Lieutenant Newbold of the Madras army, being a narrative of a visit made by himself, last summer, to the Mountain of the Bell (or Gibel Nakus). On reading this report, I was much struck by the coincidence of the phenomena he describes with those of an experiment familiar to the student in acoustics. The experiment I allude to is this: a piece of bladder is drawn tightly over a wide-mouthed glass vessel: when perfectly dry, its surface is dredged with very fine sand. If the bow of a violin be then drawn across one of its strings, close to the glass vessel, but not in contact with it, you will perceive the sand on the surface of the bladder to be agitated by the vibration, and it will instantly assume some form or other. It will shape itself into a straight or wavy line, a star, or herring-bone, or other still more complex figure; the figure growing more intricate or simple with the increasing acuteness or gravity of the sound produced. For the same tone invariably impels the sand to shape out the same form, and this so completely that not a particle of the sand remains in the interstices of the figure. If, instead of the surface of a glass vessel, you take the sounding board of a musical instrument, such as a violin or violoncello,—and strew it with fine sand, the same result will follow. In all these cases, a surface, hollow beneath, and covered with sand, when affected by the vibrations of air produced by a sound, is furrowed over, or diversified by a peculiar arrangement of the sand. To apply the result of this experiment to the phenomenon exhibited at Gibel Nakus, we must, I think, suppose the mountain to be hollow, and its face must take the place of the sounding board, or other surface, which I have described. The sound being produced by whatever means (and travellers are not agreed as to the cause, although they agree that the disturbance of the sand by the action of the wind, or the motion of the feet, always precedes the emission of these sounds), it seems to me that the furrows of the sand, and its arrangement of itself into horizontal waves of different lengths, must be ascribed to the same cause as the phenomena which take place in the experiment I have attempted to describe. The fact of the apex of the mountain producing shriller tones and shorter waves, is a further confirmation of this theory. The surface of the mountain being an inclined plane has, no doubt, a tendency to vary the phenomenon somewhat, as it must be apparent that the action of sound on sand upon such a plane would, in all probability, differ in some degree from the same action on a horizontal one; the natural gravity of the sand, likewise, must be taken into the account.

I know not if these remarks may be deemed worthy of a corner in your excellent journal or not. In either case, I beg to subscribe myself,
Your constant Reader,

C. WILKINSON.*

Hants, June 17th.

* The writer and our readers will remember Whistone's interesting experiments on these phenomena, some seasons ago, at the Royal Institution.—Ed. L. G.

IRISH ARCHEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

At the first Annual General Meeting of the Irish Archeological Society, Dublin, on Tuesday, the 3d of May, J. S. Furlong, Esq. in the chair, the Secretary read a report from the Provisional Council, in which they spoke very favourably of the condition and prospects of the Society; but, notwithstanding, strongly recommended that efforts should be made to increase the number of members, and particularly to induce a larger proportion of the gentry of Ireland to join. The Council expressed little doubt that, as soon as the first publication was in the hands of the members, there would be no difficulty in effecting this object, and proposed a provisional power to enlarge the limit originally laid down, so as not to exceed five hundred. "The first step taken by the Provisional Council," says the Report, "with a view to the future operations of the Society, was to put into the hands of Mr. O'Donovan and Mr. Curry, two scholars pre-eminently qualified for the task, the celebrated Glossary of Cormac Mac Cuilleana, King of Munster and Bishop of Cashel, who flourished at the end of the ninth century, and was killed in battle, A.D. 908. This curious repository of ancient Irish is of incalculable value to all students of the obsolete part of the language, and will be indispensable hereafter to ourselves, if our Society should so far prosper as to be able to undertake the publication of our Brehon laws, and other difficult remains of the ancient literature of Ireland. Through the kindness of Mr. George Smith, a very ancient manuscript of Cormac's 'Glossary' was placed at the disposal of the Council, and another very valuable MS. for the use of which the Society is indebted to George Petrie, Esq., has been adopted as the basis upon which the text of the work has been formed, by a careful collation with the MSS. deposited in the Libraries of the University and of the Royal Irish Academy. This collation has been already completed by Mr. O'Donovan, assisted by Mr. Curry, and from the text thus formed Mr. O'Donovan is at present engaged in preparing a translation and illustrative notes. Mr. Curry has also undertaken to examine other ancient glossaries, preserved in the University Library, by whose aid he has been enabled to throw much light on the obscurities of the original; and the Council have every reason to hope that the continuance of his labours will be crowned with still greater success. In the meantime, the Council have made provision to satisfy the literary cravings of the Society, and it is hoped that a volume of miscellaneous tracts will be ready for distribution among the members in about six weeks from the present time. This volume will contain three very curious and interesting tracts, the first of which, to be edited by Mr. O'Donovan, is an Irish poem, written in the year 942, describing a journey undertaken by Muircheartaigh, Prince of Aileach, for the purpose of taking hostages from the native chiefs who were most likely to oppose his succession to the throne of Tara, of which he was then the heir-apparent. This poem will be published in the original, accompanied by a translation and notes, in which a mass of information, historical and topographical, the greater part of which was never before published, has been brought together in a manner highly creditable to Mr. O'Donovan's industry and learning. It will also be accompanied by a map of Ireland, in which the names of the districts and places mentioned in the poem are given, and which may, therefore, be considered as a very correct

representation of the geographical state of this country in the middle of the tenth century. The second tract in the volume will be edited by Dr. Aquilla Smith; it is a reprint of a very scarce tract printed in London in the reign of Elizabeth, and is a description of Ireland by an English settler named Payne, who had obtained ground in the county Cork, and who wrote evidently with a view to attract others of his countrymen to embark their capital in a similar speculation. For the use of this very rare tract the thanks of the Society are again due to Mr. George Smith. The third tract is an account of the war of King James the Second in Ireland, written by Colonel Charles O'Kelly, one of the commanders in the army of that prince, and a very accomplished scholar. The tract will be edited by George Petrie, Esq., from a MS. which has recently been added to the collection of Trinity College. Great pains have been taken to render the typographical execution of the volume now in the press creditable to the Society and to Ireland. The Council have resolved upon getting an ornamented initial letter engraved for every Irish tract or work printed by the Society, to be taken from some remarkable Irish manuscript; and they hope by this means to collect some valuable specimens of ancient Irish calligraphy, which may, perhaps, assist in removing the prejudice, or scepticism, that has unreasonably prevailed on the subject of the ancient literature of Ireland."

FINE ARTS.

THE LATE SIR DAVID WILKIE.

A LETTER in "The Times" of Thursday suggests that it is the wish of friends and admirers of the late Sir David Wilkie to promote the erection of a suitable monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's Church, the necessary fund to be raised by public subscription, commenced at a meeting, where his friend and patron, Sir Robert Peel, should preside. In the meantime, that those who approve of the design should communicate their views to Mr. Moon, Threadneedle Street; or Messrs. Graves and Co., Pall Mall, eminent publishers of Sir David's engraved works. With the propriety and expediency of this proposition we most cordially concur; and beg to offer our best co-operation in promoting an object which is calculated to do honour to the last great ornament of the British School of Art, and the man loved and esteemed by all who knew him; and also to the country whose fame he has spread over the civilised world; and especially to the parties who come forward to pay the debt of gratitude due to him, and cause a suitable testimony of individual esteem and national admiration to tell of his worth and genius to future generations.*

WATERLOO MEMORIALS.

AMONG the appropriate observances of the glorious 18th of June, not even excepting the banquet at the immortal conqueror's, none could be more gratifying than the exhibition of Mr. Salter's splendid picture of that banquet, which Mr. Moon judiciously threw open to the world at Mr. Rainy's rooms in Regent Street. Hundreds, thousands we dare say, hastened to view it in this well-arranged position, where it could be seen to perfection, with space sufficient for distance, and light for effect. It

* The appointment of a small acting committee would, it appears to us, be the best means for effecting the desired purpose.—*Ed. L.G.*

was thus that its great general merits as a composition of art could be fully appreciated; while, at the same time, the likenesses of the heroes of the day gleamed expressively from the canvass upon the admiring spectators. Rank and beauty paid homage to the production, and next to the living actors of the scene, it was delightful to observe the public sympathy bestowed upon their mimic, but just and natural representation.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE annual Exhibition of the *old* masters is this year peculiarly interesting, because it is peculiarly British; and Hogarth, Reynolds, Wilson, Gainsborough, Stothard, Morland, Newton, Hoppner, Bonington, Edmonstone, are among its chief ornaments; some of them with many pictures, and others with but too few. The two specimens of Edmonstone—124, 126—renew our grief for the loss of that young and gifted artist, who, had he lived, would have been a distinguished competitor with the foremost of the Dutch and Flemish schools, grafting upon their mechanical skill the feelings of Nationality, Wilkie, and Nature. Of Bonington, too, No. 106, *A View on the Coast of Normandy*, is a fine example; and three or four little things—107, 8, 9, 10—of Stewart Newton are fine touches of character. Of Stothard there is a collection, half-a-room full, and full of his genius. Many mere drawings to illustrate popular publications are replete with fancy; and others take a higher tone, and prove the skill and imagination of the painter. 173, from the "Spectator," belonging to Lady Holland, is a capital proof, among many, of the versatility and inexhaustible powers of this master. Few of the Sir Joshua's are of his higher class, including the preservation of colour, but they are charming, and the palest not the least so. The pictures by Hogarth are an exhibition in attraction: 216, alone, with a "Tom Hill" in it,—alas! not our late friend, but an earlier Tom, who saw the royal children perform the "Conquest of Mexico,"—is a very curious production. Hogarth is an anomaly in art; a master in colouring—a dauber; a master of expression, vulgar and commonplace. Truth warring against a principle: and the results, productions in which there is hardly an excellency of the easel not realised, and not a few of its blemishes perpetrated. No. 130, *A Land Storm*, is one of the best Morlands; and nearly all the Wilsons are warm and delicious.

The Catalogue pays a well-meaning compliment to Prince Albert, who has sent two pieces to the Exhibition, Nos. 1 and 2, *Portraits of the Saxon Family*, by L. Cranach; but we could (without being captious) wish that the encouragement bestowed upon art, rather than the rank of the bestowers, met with the tribute of applause. We make the remark now, because it is gratifying to see the Prince entering into patronage so honourable to him; but great national institutions ought not to barter homage to exalted names. The Prince has done well; but there was no occasion, except puffing may belong to a "British Institution," to boast of "liberality" in lending two small pictures to a National Exhibition. *A propos*, they are nice bits of old German art; and No. 14, by Van Eyck, is far more extraordinary for the age in which it was painted. The North Room, which has these, contains other remarkable works, and though particularisation is invidious, we would direct our readers to "see" No. 24,

Coronation of the Virgin, by A. Sacchi; 36, *Landscapes*, Vanderneer; 39, *Ruins and Figures*, Ferg (little known amongst us for such exquisite pieces in little); 42 and 72, Wouverman; 58 and 65, Teniers; 64 and 70, Rubens' Portraits; 67, Ruysdael; and 68, *A Portrait*, by Vanderhelst,—a wonder. There are other things which we might point out, but the connoisseur in so orderly a gallery will discover Guido's, G. Poussin's, Raphael's, Jan Miel's, J. Ostade's, and Berghem's, where they deserve the names; and others also honourable to the artists, though not their greatest performances. Canaletto stands high in the list, and Guardi is not far behind him. Lancret is well, Louthenbourg striking in the *Fire of London*, and Panini superlative.

Praise and thanks are due to the liberal proprietors of these noble and valuable paintings for thus trusting them to improve their country's taste, and stimulate and shew the way to her emulous artists. They may here contemplate the greatest of the foreign and ancient, in juxtaposition with their own native predecessors; and the lesson need not create despondency, nor be thrown away.

NEW PUBLICATION.

Bauerkeller's New Embossed Plan of London.
London, Ackermann and Co.

ON this Plan,—the title of which bespeaks its embossed form, with the buildings raised, and the streets, &c. depressed,—there is an accurate division of the various districts, such as the City, Marylebone, Tower Hamlets, Finsbury, Westminster, Southwark, and Lambeth;—which, being coloured, are readily comprehended at a glance; and thus the whole of our vast metropolis made *patent* to the beholder in a very simple and sufficient manner. It is an ingenious application of a clever principle, well fitted for the object in view; and we can cordially recommend the map as one of the most clear and useful which has ever been published.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE CYCLE OF THE SEASONS.

Imitation of Horace, Book IV. Ode 7. "Diffugere nives," &c.

La Primavera sigue al Verano, el Verano al Estío, el Estío al Atóno, y el Atóno al Invierno, y el Invierno a la Primavera, y así torna á andar el tiempo, con este ruelo continuo. Solo la vida humana corre á su fin ligera mas que el tiempo, sin esperar renacerse, sino es en la otra que no tiene términos que la limiten.—Cervantes.

THE snow-clad Winter now has fled,
And Spring, in richest green arrayed,
Comes dancing forth again;
While at the music of her voice,
The fields, the floods, the woods rejoice,
And Nature smiles through all her glad domain.

Time, as it flies with silent wings,
And in its ceaseless cycle brings,
The hours and seasons round,
Each passing dream of life destroys,
And ever warns that lasting joys
Can ne'er on earth by mortal man be found.

The Winter yields to Spring's soft gaze,
And over Spring in turn prevails
The Summer's short-lived reign;
And soon as beautiful Autumn pours
Upon the earth its fruitful stores,
Stern Winter rules the changing year again.

Thus all that rests in cold decay
Revolving Time may yet array
In fresh and youthful bloom;
E'en upon Death's last lonesome night
Morn yet shall dawn with cheerful light,
Spring yet awake the winter of the tomb.

But Change, that thus o'er Nature reigns,
And through decay its course maintains,
Affects not man's last state;
For when this frame returns to dust,
The spirit hears the sentence just
That with eternal doom decrees its fate.

Who knows if Heaven will kindly give
Beyond this present day to live?
Our time fleets fast away,
And the sad hour that seals our fate,
Heedless of beauty, rank, or state,
No wealth can bribe, no prayers persuade to stay.

Not all on earth that men revere,
Nor aught that Heaven itself holds dear,
Can then avail to save:
Not BENTLEY'S learning, BOURBON'S birth,
Not NEWTON'S science, HOWARD'S worth,
From Death's relentless stroke a respite gave.

Thea let each passing season find
Our grateful hearts yet more inclined
To walk in wisdom's way;
And with our present lot content,
Wisely to use what Heaven has lent.
Since earth and all its joys must soon decay.
Edinburgh. JAMES MACAULAY, M.A.

SKETCHES.

SUGAR.

At a time when the import and price of sugar are subjects of public interest, the following statement, condensed from the "Journal du Havre," merits public attention.

In 1837 Mr. Vincent, nephew of Mr. Freon, a rich planter in the Isle of Bourbon, having come to France, was led to inspect the improvements in the manufacture of sugar from beet-root as carried on by Messrs. C. Derosne and Cail. Their apparatus appeared to him to be equally applicable to the cane; and, on his return to Bourbon, he ordered a complete set of the machinery to be sent to him at that island. Three crops have since been manufactured by it, and with increasing success—

From 1839 to 1839, he made 1,100,000 lbs.
..... 33 .. 40, 1,000,000
..... 40 .. 41, 2,000,000

So marked is the difference between the new and old system that the neighbouring proprietors have ceased to manufacture on their own estates, and obtain higher prices from Mr. Vincent. Besides the sugar, it is stated that a juice is produced which exceeds thirty or even forty per cent that obtained by the old process. The quality of the sugar, too, is infinitely superior. Their raw sugars, clarified, constitute the new white sugars and clayed sugars, and are comparable in whiteness and purity to good refined sugars, for which they may be substituted. Next year, with an accession of machinery, Mr. Vincent is prepared to manufacture 4,000,000 lbs. more than in 1840-1; and thus the Isle of Bourbon may export, from one establishment, 6,000,000 lbs. annually,—by far the most considerable which has yet been offered by any colony.

The Dutch have carried the means to Java; and the Brazils will, probably, not be slow in following the example which has already reached the Havannah and Mexico. Bengal, Surinam, Demerara, &c., are all alive to this important mercantile object; and the Parisian machinists are likely to make a large fortune by their machines.

If it be so valuable, we presume that English enterprise will be embarked in it both at home and in the colonies.

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—Robert Devereux (Donizetti's opera) was produced here with great force and success on Thursday; Grisi being the *Elizabeta*; Rubini, *Essex*; and Tamburini, *Nottingham*.

Drury Lane.—Meyerbeer's grand opera, *Robert the Devil*, was produced last week with

* Though we might cavil at some of the rhymes in this production, yet the thoughts are so graceful that we cheerfully give it place, and trust thereby to encourage a fair aspirant to the poetic "wreath."—*Ed. L.G.*

fine effect; the trio of this theatre admirably sustained the principal parts—*Robert, Bram, and Alice*. The *Princess* was not so well supported by Madame Schodel. Strange gesticulations more than once raised a laugh from the audience. We need scarcely name the airs which drew forth *encores*. The manner in which they were sung richly merited that compliment: they are familiar to most ears. Their French titles are—"O Fortune, à ton Caprice," "Quand je Quittaï," "Robert, toi que j'aime," and the splendid opening chorus, "Versez à Tasse Pleine." "Idole de ma Vie," to our taste the gem of the opera, was somewhat marred. The choruses were perfectly executed, and the whole opera may be ranked amongst the successes of the season.

Vauxhall Gardens are announced to be opened for six nights, the first night next week, with new and varied entertainments, under the management of Mr. Bunn. Singing, dancing, and horsemanship (Ducrow's stud), are among the promised attractions; and, if the weather be propitious, this will probably form an epoch in Vauxhallian history, though politics have robbed the town of many of its pleasure-seekers, and many of the rest are absorbed in the same turmoil.

MUSIC.

ROCK HARMONICON.

A MUSICAL novelty under this name is exhibited daily at the Royal Library, Lower Grosvenor Street. The inventor, we understand, is a mason by trade, and the instrument is constructed of the materials of his daily experience, hewn from his native rocks, and roughly fashioned by his own hand to the requisite proportions. Thirteen years have been devoted to its production, or rather to the experience and trials, to the partial successes and disappointments, to the overcoming the many difficulties which presented themselves, ere he could fully carry out his conception. The blow of the hammer on the rocky fragments as he worked was music to his ear. The ringing tone came forth melodiously; he listened and he thought! The result is, after thirteen years' labour, the Rock Harmonicon. Those who are acquainted with the toy harmonicon, pieces of glass laid on tapes to be struck with the cork-hammer, will readily form an idea of Mr. Richardson's instrument. In his, however, the sonorous material is mica schist from Skiddaw, or, as it is known in Cumberland and generally, whinstone. He found it the best suited for his purpose. Slabs varying in length from about three feet to five inches, of about three inches wide, and one and a half thick, are placed on an extensive hollow frame with two ridges gradually approaching each other; the ridges whereon the stones rest are covered with strips of cloth, and on them straw bands run the whole length. They comprise five octaves and a half, with all the additional semitones. What perseverance must have been exercised to produce the shape and size for each differing note! The blows are given with wooden hammers, small and of lignum vitae for the treble, larger and of softer wood for the middle notes, and larger still and covered with leather for the base. For the centre keys sometimes are used hammers, with two knobs on each, in the form of a crutch handle to strike thirds. The Rock Harmonicon is played by the three sons of the inventor, and the slightest, softest touch causes the sullen slate to sound, and so sweetly! But it must be heard to be appreciated. Reader, if

from the foregoing you have an idea of the instrument, can you conceive a more simple or a more original one? We have seen and heard a rude construction, on a similar principle, made, if we mistake not, by the South-Sea Islanders, composed of hard wooden slabs on hollow gourds and cocoa-nut-shells. But of all musical instruments we ever saw or heard, the Rock Harmonicon is the simplest and sweetest, the rudest and richest, the most marvelous and most melodious.

Hanover Square Rooms.—Every succeeding year, almost every successive concert given by the Royal Academy of Music, evinces improvement in the pupils. On Saturday last, the third subscription concert commenced with an overture (M.S.) by J. Cronin, a promising young composer, followed by vocal and instrumental selections, which were creditably executed by the respective performers. It seems almost invidious or interested to particularise where all were well, and where the better than well may be attributable to a longer period of tuition. Yet we cannot withhold our especial praise from the performances of Miss Loder, Miss Duval, and Miss Ley—the first a pianist, the two others vocalists. Miss Duval put us much in mind of Dorus Gras; and Miss Ley admirably executed the difficult scena from "Der Freischütz," "Before my eyes beheld him." She possesses considerable talent, which has been, moreover, well-trained. Next in our estimation, come in the order of the programme, Miss Marshall, Mr. T. M'Leewie (violinist), and Miss Mason. But, indeed, as we have said above, all were good, and the concert was very well attended.

VARIETIES.

Francis Baily, Esq.—It is with extreme regret that we have to mention a very serious, if not fatal, accident, which happened to this eminent scientific character (late President of the Royal Astronomical Society, and distinguished by his learned works) and much respected gentleman on Monday last. A few seconds before it occurred, we saw two horsemen in full gallop upon Waterloo Bridge, the one on a grey horse a hundred yards in advance of the other, spurring and whipping as in a race towards the Strand. Unfortunately, Mr. Baily was crossing at the end of Wellington Street when this furious rider came up, and, in an instant, his horse, himself, and the pedestrian, were rolling on the pavement. The concussion was very violent, and the stones were stained with blood. By the direction of a gentleman present, Mr. Baily was taken to the nearest hospital, Charing Cross, where the injuries he had sustained were found to be of a dangerous nature. Since then, we are informed, he has either been insensible or highly perturbed; and on Wednesday night but faint hopes were entertained of his possible recovery. On Thursday and Friday mornings, however, more favourable symptoms appeared, though we lament to say that this distressing case is still most precarious.

H. B.'s 693, 4, 5.—Three novelties; and the first, three secretaries under the titles of Court-Plaster, Corn-Plaster, and Sticking-Plaster. The second is Lord Brougham in the character of the Stormy Petrel, appearing in most tempestuous weather in the trough of the sea. He is a glorious little bird in the midst of troubled sky and ocean. The last, "A Pitiable Situation;" Sir J. Hobhouse, Lord Morpeth, and Lord John Russell, as little boys trying to conceal or shelter themselves at the

pedestal of Pitt's statue, whilst Sir R. Peel as a policeman is hollaing to them that they have no right there.

Earthquake.—On the 9th instant a shock of earthquake was felt at Martinique, but it was not so severe as to do damage in the island.

Vesuvius has lately been restless, but by the last accounts the symptoms of an eruption had subsided.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Music and Manners of France and Germany, by H. F. Chorley, 3 vols. post 8vo. 14. 11s. 6d.—Steam and Steam Navigation, by J. S. Russell, M.A. (from "The Encyclopedia Britannica"), post 8vo. 3s.—Treatises on Printing and Type-Founding, by T. C. Hansard (from "The Encyclopedia Britannica"), post 8vo. 6s.—Black's Picture-Guide to the English Lakes, fcap. 5s.—Valdenses, Vals, and Vigilantius, by the Rev. W. S. Gilly, D.D. fcap. sewed, 1s. 3d.—The Statutes of All Souls's College, Oxford, by G. R. M. Ward, Esq. M.A. 8vo. 5s.—The Statutes of Magdalen College, by G. R. M. Ward, Esq. M.A. 8vo. 1s. 6d.—Tables of Analytical Chemistry, by James Hayward, on a sheet, 2s.—The Eucharist not an Ordinance of Christian Church, by J. Goodman, 13m. 2s. 6d.—Phrenology Consistent with Science and Revelation, by C. Cowan, M.D. 12mo. 2s. 6d.—The Secret Foe, an Historical Novel, by Miss E. Pickering, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d.—Cyclopedia of Commerce, &c. by W. Waterston, Part I. 8vo. sewed, 3s. 6d.—Bookkeeping by Single and Double Entry, by A. G. Henderson, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—The Linen-Draper's Guide, by C. Carter, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—The Lover and the Husband, Edited by Mrs. Gore, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d.—The Baptism of the Spirit, by John Wade, Vol. I. 12mo. 3s.—Texts for Every Day in the Year, by Elizabeth Fry, 6mo. tuck, 1s. 4d.—Prize Essay on the Character of the Welsh, by the Rev. W. Jones, 8vo. 4s.—Braithwaite's Retrospect of Medicine, Part III. 12mo. 4s. 6d.—An Appeal to the Rubric, by the Rev. S. Rowe, fcap. 3s. 6d.—Narrative of Oecola Niki-nokchee, 7s. 6d.—Hand-book for India and Egypt, vouth 8vo. 12s.—Law's Comparative Register of the House of Commons, fcap. 1s.—Sixteen Years in Chili and Peru, by the Retired Governor of Juan Fernandez, 8vo. 11. 1s.—Young Cook's Assistant, by a Clergyman's Daughter, 12mo. 1s. 6d.—Family Library, No. 79, Lives of Individuals who Raised themselves from Poverty to Eminence and Fortune, by R. Davenport, 12mo. 5s.—Campbell's Specimens of British Poets, new edition, royal 8vo. 20s.—Mrs. Sherwood's Lady of the Manor, Vol. I. new edition, 12mo. 5s.—An Address to the Children of Israel, by A. Kent, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Premillennial Hymns, edited by M. Hohenhausen, second edition, 12mo. 2s.—Selections from the Sermons of Archbishop Leighton, 12mo. 2s.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1841.

June.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday 17	43 to 67	30.04 to 29.95
Friday 18	41 to 77	29.81 to 29.66
Saturday 19	52 to 68	29.62 to 29.65
Sunday 20	46 to 63	29.74 to 29.65
Monday 21	58 to 67	29.75 to 29.66
Tuesday 22	49 to 67	29.65 to 29.62
Wednesday 23	48 to 69	29.92 to 29.80

Prevailing wind, south-west.
On the 17th, morning cloudy, otherwise clear; the 18th, evening overcast, otherwise clear; the 19th, morning overcast, with heavy rain, otherwise clear; the 20th, morning clear, afternoon cloudy, sunshine at times, evening overcast, with small rain; the 21st, generally clear, frequent showers during the day; the 22d, and following day, generally clear; rain fell on the afternoon of the 23d.

Thunder-Storm.—A storm of thunder and vivid lightning, accompanied with remarkable heavy rain, and hail of an unusual size, from about seven till twenty minutes past seven, on the evening of Friday the 18th instant.

Rain fallen, 755 of an inch, of which .415 of an inch fell during the storm of the 18th.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We regret that we cannot say ought to encourage the privilege of "A. Z." The measure is sadly out of time, and, whatever the thoughts may be, is not poetry.

"The Maiden's Choice," and many other lays, must bide a time, if, indeed, we can ever find opportunity for their insertion. A Journal like the *Literary Gazette* cannot adopt contributions of average merit, as it were, to fill up space. There must be some particular recommendation to induce it to make room where it is hoped, room is so valuable for the judicious development of its plans, to illustrate sufficiently the various objects to which it is devoted.

We received the compliment of the Misses Geary's morning concert tickets a little after two o'clock on the day, which circumstance precludes our having the pleasure of noticing their meritorious performances.

"To my Beloved," wants the needful.

The "Lines on Solitude" are declined with thanks.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

THE THIRTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, at their Gallery, Pall Mall East, WILL CLOSE on Saturday, July 10th. Open each day from Nine till Dark.

Admittance, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

R. HILLS, Secretary.

THE SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS (FIFTY-THREE Pall Mall, next the British Institution) is now open, from Nine o'clock till Dark.

Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

The Eleventh Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science will be held in Plymouth, commencing on Thursday, July 25, 1841, and concluding on Wednesday, Aug. 4. JOHN TAYLOR, F.R.S. General Treasurer. JAMES YATES, F.R.S. Secretary to the Council. London, April 26, 1841.

EDINBURGH REVIEW, No. 148.—Advertisements and Bills intended for insertion in the Edinburgh Review, No. 148, must be sent to the Publishers on or before Wednesday, June 30th.

39 Paternoster Row.

MUSIC.

ROCK HARMONICON.—J. Richardson begs leave respectfully to announce his recent arrival in London with this MUSICAL NOVELTY, his own Invention, which may be seen, and upon which his Three Sons perform daily for a short period, between the Hours of Eleven and Six, at the Royal Musical Library, 75 Grosvenor Street, Bond Street.

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8 New Burlington Street, June 30, 1861.
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